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THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 30, 1967, 35 cents

Hitched to LBJ?

As the war drags on, the President's stock goes down. Democratic politicians read the polls, take their own soundings and are uneasy at what they find and what they fear lies ahead. The Gallup poll shows Governor Rockefeller beating Mr. Johnson in '68. A recent California poll reported that 39 percent of a cross section of Democrats would support a peace delegation to the next national convention, as against 42 percent for a Johnson delegation. (Nineteen percent had not made up their minds.) In local precincts, as in the United States Senate and House, Democrats are dispirited. Their party has become the war party. They don't like it, but most of them don't yet see how they can change it. Changing it means changing the leadership. And it has been a fixed article of faith that no incumbent President can be denied renomination if he wants it. We don't know whether Lyndon Johnson can be denied it or not. We do know the attempt must be made, not because his renomination will handicap his party (it will) but because it may mean his reelection, and in view of his gross miscalculation in Vietnam, that must be prevented. If his renomination is to be (Continued on page 5)

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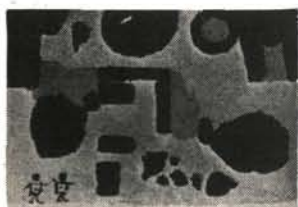
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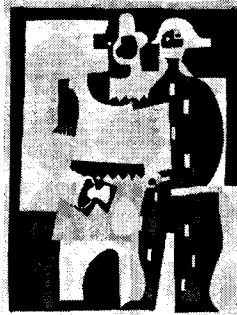
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The "New Economics" Works

★ Lots of news, mostly bad. However, this ever-hopeful column comes up with one cheerful item: the USA has equaled the all-time record for continuous business upturn. Yes, on October 1, it's the 80th month.

Records go back to 1854. There was an 80-month expansion spanning WWII. Now we have equaled it and will certainly surpass it in November. Is this important? Well, yes, it is. It shows that we can manufacture prosperity. We don't distribute it fairly but we know how to make it. Ten years ago most businessmen and most moralists thought you had to have slumps, recessions and unemployment as a normal part of the business cycle. It was all righteous and inevitable. Eisenhower had three recessions in eight years. Now we know they aren't necessary. The "new economics" of Keynes works. It's a splendid record.

If a recession threatens, cut taxes and/or increase spending; if inflation threatens (as now) raise taxes and/or cut spending. It's harder to do than say, of course, but that's the formula.

The present boom, starting February 1961, faltered twice: in 1962 and at the start of this year. Expansion is not measured by any single factor but by a series of basic "coincident indicators." For most economists the impartial referee is the National Bureau of Economic Research in New York.

Put in another way, what it means is that we don't need to have poverty. With our resources and new power to control them poverty is outrageous and out of date. Always before in man's history it was thought that if the poor got a bigger slice of pie everybody else

had to take a smaller slice; now we know the pie itself can be steadily enlarged. We've had bad troubles in the past 80 months, no doubt of that, but they'd all be worse without steady economic expansion.

The Dark Underside

★ The best movie we've seen this year is *In the Heat of the Night* with Sidney Poitier. That's where the cops of a small Mississippi town run in a well-dressed Negro on suspicion of murder and find that he's the chief homicide detective from a northern city, who takes over the murder case. The detective is one jump ahead of a lynching the whole time.

You ask yourself if this dark hatred is overdrawn and then you read the papers. Here's a Jewish temple in Jackson, Miss., that aided Negroes, that's just been bombed. The FBI moved in and chased a suspicious car, and two other cars fell in behind and tried to ram them. (An incident like this is in *ITHOTN*.) The men were booked and are all alleged members of the KKK.

Then here's an item from Dayton, Ohio; two off-duty cops working at a Shriners convention and wearing fezes shot a fleeing Negro civil rights leader in the back. Whatever crime the Negro had, or had not, done, the cops gave him a death sentence. They explained they saw a pipe in his belt "and thought it was a gun." Riots followed.

Glascoc County, Ga., recently voted not to accept federal aid to institute a food stamp program. According to the *NYTimes* the sheriff observed, "It would just mean a lot of niggers lined up for food and that's all there is to it."

And here's a story by James Millstone from *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, about "sedition" in Pike County, Kentucky. At 12:30 a.m. hands banged on the door of an antipoverty worker in Appalachia. "This is the law," came a voice, "open up." A carload of county deputies handcuffed the worker and took him off after ransacking the house. They had earlier jailed another poverty worker and his wife in another raid. A county grand jury handed down indictments under Kentucky's bizarre sedition law on the charge of fomenting a communist plot to overthrow the government of Pike County by force

of arms! Unbelievable? A three-judge federal court in Lexington ruled the sedition law unconstitutional, and the poverty workers are back at work. But it happened.

Secretary McNamara proposes a "thin" ABM screen to protect us against Chinese nuclear missiles and says it wouldn't cost much, a modest \$5 billion. Without a doubt Congress will approve, and they may insist on an all-out ABM system costing \$40 billion and up.

It's hard to make Congress, or anybody else feel that another kind of missile may be already launched and coming our way. There is no present reasonable ground for supposing there won't be worse racial riots next summer, and they will arrive in the emotion of a presidential election. Are we preparing air raid shelters; are we taking precautions? Possibly cities are loading up with tear gas and hiring informers; certainly there is no sense of urgency in Congress and an extra \$5-billion in ghetto aid is unthinkable.

Car Insurance

★ Something's got to be done about auto insurance. There are at present 103 million licensed drivers, who are having 13.6 million accidents a year. They are delaying justice for the whole nation. They jam the courts. They comprise 65 to 80 percent of all civil court cases tried. In Chicago it takes 69 months to get a jury trial.

What's to be done? When Detroit wouldn't act on auto safety the government intervened. The government may intervene, too, on insurance if the companies don't move. One proposal is for Washington to insure all drivers as an extension of social security. There's another revolutionary proposal by two professors, Keeton of Harvard and O'Connell of Illinois. Treat car insurance like fire insurance, they say; the company pays the victim up to \$10,000, without a court action to establish negligence. Payment would be on the basis of loss, not fault, like workmen's compensation. The companies' adversary relationship to the victim would end. The Massachusetts lower house has passed a bill of this sort. The authors say it would save money and clear the courts.

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Hitched to LBJ?

seriously contested, however, there is much to be done and not much time. The deadline for filing in the New Hampshire primary, February 1, is about four months away, and the outcome in New Hampshire will have repercussions on the 14 primaries that follow. In that state, as in others, the immediate business of concerned Democrats is to meet and devise the most sensible strategy for sending to the next national Democratic convention a maximum number of delegates committed to peace and therefore uncommitted to Lyndon Johnson. How this is done will vary state by state, locality by locality. There is no coast-to-coast pattern by which convention delegates are picked. The whole effort may in the end fail. Yet it must be made so that there are represented at the convention the millions of Democrats who are dismayed by the failure of this Administration to pursue the policies, especially in foreign affairs, which they feel are necessary to preserve their party as a vehicle for creative change.

As a matter of basic realism, it must be acknowledged that President Johnson, through the power of the White House and its enormous leverage on the regular party organization, will be difficult to depose. And since political courage is more celebrated in books than in life, it is to be expected that many Democratic leaders will stay in harness, though they are privately sick at heart over Vietnam and are aware of the deterioration within their party during the last 18 months. Until they are persuaded that Johnson's renomination is not inevitable, some of the severest critics of the war are going to go along with the leadership, glumly, their fatalism about '68 only faintly brightened by the thought, the hope, that the GOP will rescue them by nominating someone more unpalatable than LBJ. It will take a massive grass-roots movement to rouse such leaders to do what they should do, and such a movement can only begin locally, by sheer determination of individuals. Once started, it will spread. Opposition to Johnson *can*, we believe, be synthesized in the months ahead and lead to an effective, national, peace-minded coalition of minority groups, intellectuals, organized labor, youth and family farmers.

Mr. Johnson was elected for four years, no more. There's nothing in the Constitution or in the spirit of our institutions which gives him any further claim on the White House. This is not 1948; LBJ is not Harry Truman; and Vietnam is not Korea. Some family brawls could be avoided, of course, were Mr. Johnson to decide not to offer himself again as a candidate. He could do so with honor. He would be credited with important legislative gains, in medical care, education, civil rights and the beginnings of a war on poverty. But it would be rash,

indeed, to count on Mr. Johnson's counting himself out of the race.

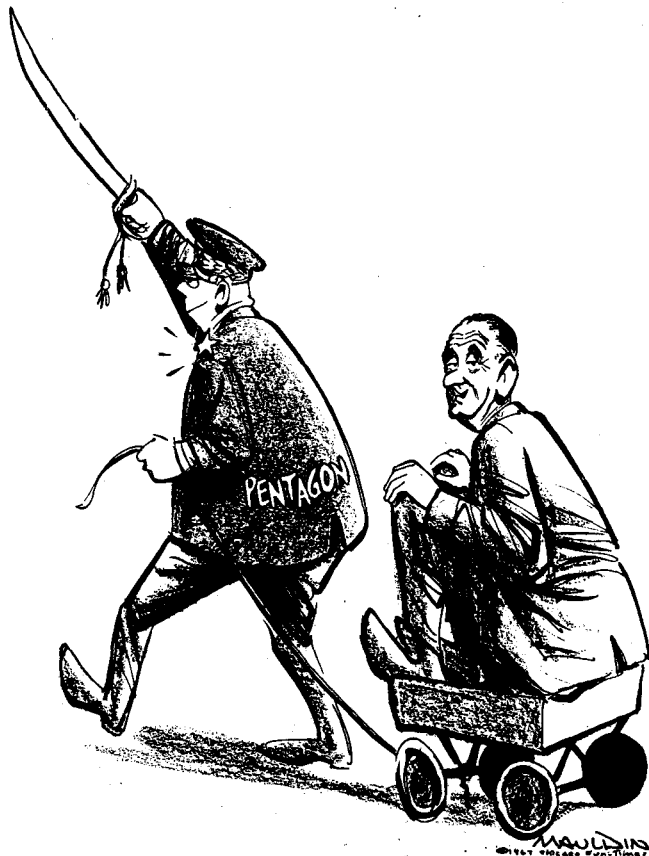
It would be equally foolhardy for Democrats to gamble on Mr. Right's winning the Republican Party nomination. The GOP, though it wants badly to win, cannot be relied upon to choose a nominee with the will and intelligence to de-Americanize the war in Asia. When last heard from on that subject (1966), Governor Rockefeller was energetically supporting Mr. Johnson's policy. Senator Percy, who seems destined to be Illinois' favorite son, has doubts about the war, but he has not emerged as a commanding clarifier. Governor Reagan apparently would not oppose the use of nuclear weapons to win. Governor Romney is against the bombing and against being brainwashed, but we do not yet have and may never have a clear picture of what he thinks should be done. Mr. Nixon is Mr. Nixon. In what was billed by his aides as "the first of a number of major speeches which [he] will be giving in the wake of his extensive foreign travels," the former Vice President said on September 12 that "we are fighting in Vietnam for the same reason we fought in World War I and World War II and Korea; because our vital national interest is at stake." He is hopeless.

Anyway, the Democratic Party owes it to itself to find a leader with a new, more constructive point of

view on America's world responsibilities, irrespective of what the Republicans do. The practical question is therefore: can successful campaigns to replace Johnson be waged prior to the convention without an alternative candidate at hand? The answer is that they have to be waged, because there isn't one now at hand. The objective can only be the election in primaries or the selection by state conventions of the largest possible number of delegates pledged to peace and not to LBJ. For the next several months, Democratic workers who want a change must put their minds to the primary battles. "Bosses and established leaders," Theodore White observed in his *The Making of the President 1960*, "hate primaries for good reason; they are always, in any form, an appeal from the leaders' wishes to the people directly." Yet they are "vital to the play of American Presidential politics."

In New Hampshire, where it all starts, a draft-Kennedy movement is under way. It is being handled, there and on the national level, by a group that is politically unsophisticated and with meager access to the sources of local power. The volunteers have to carry the ball. It must be remembered that the Kennedys, both before and after 1960, dealt with men who already had power — the Daley machine rather than "independent" liberals in Chicago; Carmine De Sapio and Charles Buckley, rather than the reformers in New York City; Jesse Unruh and "Pat" Brown simultaneously in California. At no point can one trace any effort to reform the local Democratic Party to any member of the Kennedy family. Since it will take a grass-roots uprising to shake LBJ's hold on the party in 1968, it is unrealistic to look to the Kennedys for leadership now. If an uprising should develop, however, Robert Kennedy and the sundry personages who have aligned themselves with him in the last few years may be ready to move with the tide.

The draft-Kennedy movement, though useful in some states, is not the only rallying point. Moreover, it has its risks, for Kennedy could torpedo it tomorrow if he chose. He has said repeatedly that he is for Johnson. (The draft movement does not go without some overt support from his staff, however. Persons writing the Senator to urge that he run for President even now are being contacted by Morris Shepard, the national leader of the draft-Kennedy organization.) For reasons of his own Mr. Kennedy might even go into New Hampshire to campaign against his own cause and for the President's. If he does that, of course, he can kiss off thousands of his young and impatient enthusiasts. He would be wiser to stand aloof, if he cannot find it in his heart to do something bolder than that. Whatever his decision, however, there is nothing to stop the Democrats of New Hampshire from putting together and electing a slate "favorable" to a presidential candidate other than Lyndon Johnson, or a "no



"I've hitched my wagon to a star."

preference" slate. To get on the primary ballot, all that is needed, in either case, are petitions signed by a minimum of 50 qualified voters in each congressional district.

The Wisconsin primary, for which the filing deadline is February 9, comes on the heels of New Hampshire and offers a unique opportunity. Under a revised primary law, Democratic voters can assure an uninstructed delegation by simply voting "no" – no to the Johnson slate. In subsequent primaries – Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Oregon, Florida, New Jersey and South Dakota – the consent of a candidate is not required for his name to appear on the ballot. Some states may put forward favorite sons to lead their convention delegations. It would be encouraging if that happened, for instance, in South Dakota (George McGovern), Oregon (Wayne Morse), Arkansas (J. William Fulbright), Alaska (Ernest Gruening), Wisconsin (Gaylord Nelson), Ohio (Stephen Young), Pennsylvania (Joseph Clark), and Minnesota (Eugene McCarthy).

New York is a special case, as in California. In New York, delegates-at-large are selected by the Democratic State Committee, and how Mr. Kennedy chooses to use whatever influence he has there remains to be seen. But district delegates are elected in primaries and several anti-LBJ Democratic politicians have already announced their candidacies. A split New York delegation is in the cards. In California, which has its primary on June 4 (filing deadline April 5), peace-minded Democrats are trying to find a way of subordinating their intraparty feuds to the cause of a single slate of delegates that is not in Lyndon Johnson's pocket. That may succeed.

It is a daring though necessary assumption that the Democratic convention will be open and "democratic." If the assumption proves correct, a fight among favorite sons is unavoidable, and some will be more favorite than others. In addition to Kennedy, the name of General James Gavin is being mentioned. Gavin has been plainspoken about Vietnam. "We shouldn't be there . . . the best way to get out is to stop going in" and then "work things out the best way you can." If Gavin should enter and win primaries such as Maryland, Indiana and Oregon, the delegates would be required to support him at least on the first ballot. This is not said as an endorsement of General Gavin. It is hard at this moment to take his candidacy too seriously. It is mentioned to illustrate that there is more than one alternative to LBJ, and that the outcome of the Democratic convention need not be predetermined a year in advance. The Democratic Party is not bereft of leadership – a glance at the Senate alone shows that – though the leadership is overshadowed by the omnipresent Lyndon Johnson. First things first. First, the Democratic rank and file has to overcome its sense of helplessness and dependence on Lyndon Johnson.

Insurance in the Slums

The 348 life insurance companies which have pooled \$1 billion to invest in slum housing and jobs stand to lose nothing since the investments are all to be insured by the government through the Federal Housing Administration. Indeed, they stand to gain. Their move takes away the possibility of some kind of congressional inquiry into their investment policies.

Life insurance companies own outright \$4.7 billion in real estate already, and hold mortgages on about another \$60 billion in realty. In Washington, D. C., new commercial and apartment buildings, many of them financed by insurance companies, have been eating into the edges of the central city Cardozo slum area. The people living there have nowhere to go, and are squeezed into ever smaller spaces. In order for the real estate operators to earn a good rate of return, they build apartment buildings for middle- or upper-middle income people; most of the apartments are efficiencies or one bedroom units for single people and elderly couples. This building pattern is partially responsible for encouraging middle-class families with children to move away from the central city, a migration that has been going on in Washington and elsewhere over the past 20 years by middle-class whites and has led directly to a deterioration of services in the center city. Insurance companies likewise make it difficult for slum dwellers to make a go of it by denying automobile insurance to them or charging them usurious rates, refusing to provide fire and theft insurance, and by charging high rates for life insurance. The industry, especially the life insurance industry through its investment policies, has thus contributed to building up a permanent underclass.

The public relations aspect of the new \$1 billion insurance industry slum plan is so far the most explicit thing about it. Bankers Life Company of Des Moines, Iowa, has bought several \$7,200-a-minute commercials on NBC television's *Today* program, which have Hugh Downs congratulating the industry for "one of the finest examples of . . . social awareness and willingness to participate in the problems of society." Downs says, according to the script prepared for him, "As just one of more than a million people carrying life insurance with Bankers Life Company of Des Moines, Iowa – I've had policies with them since 1954 – I'm proud to let you know this morning that Bankers Life will be participating in this venture with millions of dollars of investment capital." According to a *Today* official, the White House has granted specific permission for use of President Johnson's name in Bankers Life commercials.

On how, precisely, this billion dollars is to be invested, the industry has been vague. An official of

Metropolitan Life, whose chairman Gilbert W. Fitzhugh took part in the billion-dollar public announcement at the White House, said the companies will not work directly in slum rehabilitation. Will tenants have some measure of control in management of housing, will there be associated social services? "The industry wouldn't have much say about that," he said. "We only hold the first mortgage."

The Institute of Life Insurance is handling the industry's publicity, along with the Insurance Association of America. If all \$1 billion were invested in housing, the Institute estimates, it would provide perhaps 80,000 units eligible for participation in the federal rent supplement program. But some of the billion will be used instead for creating jobs in the slums; the Institute has "no hard answers" yet about the form this investment might take.

Meanwhile, the Senate Appropriations Committee has amended the rent supplement bill to exclude federal loans to non-profit groups (unions, churches, etc.) which may wish to get into slum rehabilitation, unless they can themselves foot five percent of building costs.

Tithing for the Poor

Thirty-two million dollars of federal money has been made available for rent supplements for 34,000 poor families; for next year Mr. Johnson wants \$40 million; and the OEO says there are 29.7 million poor Americans. The discrepancy tells its own story. The federal treasury is not, of course, the only possible underwriter of welfare, and with the tight, bureaucratic controls that so often accompany federal gifts, it may not always be the best underwriter.

In convention in Atlanta September 14, the National Council of Churches announced that henceforth 10 percent of its budget will go into "high-risk, low-return" investments in the slums — investments that will not be guaranteed by the government. Unfortunately, this largest association of Protestant and Orthodox churches is not all that rich. Of \$24.3 million in the Council's budget, only about \$850,000 is not already allocated to one or another good work. It is this "unrestricted" budget from which the 10 percent is to be taken. (The Council's Division of Christian Education has since decided to kick in an additional \$80,000 or so, but the total program remains very small.)

However, Dr. John Regier, who directs its division of Christian Life and Mission, the social, economic and political arm of the Council, sees this tithing for the poor as "moral leverage." Unlike the vaster proposed investment of the insurance industry, the Council's money will be put "in ghetto projects controlled by ghetto people." Such benefits as accrue will go to the ghetto and not to stockholders in the suburbs. The

church money will support housing rehabilitation (not construction), business loans the not-so-Small Business Administration won't venture, and into training Negro housing managers. Dr. Regier hopes that 42 million members of 33 denominations represented on the National Council of Churches will be inspired one day soon to put up \$1 million. And if the Protestants do it, why not the Catholics and the Jews?

Food Belt Studies

The most prudent way to deal with the food belt that extends across the Midwest is always to appoint a commission to study its problems. The new, 324-page report of the National Commission on Food and Fiber isn't apt to solve them, but everyone will find a little something in it that is pleasing but not enough to get excited about.

The commission split along predictable lines on the basic question of what kind of farm program the country should have. After agreeing on a magic term — a "market-oriented" agriculture — the interpretations began. To commercial food interests, well represented by officials of General Foods, Agway Inc., Wilson & Co., Safeway Stores and Campbell Soup Co., this means phasing out high price supports and setting a new price-support level "modestly" below the world market prices. To farm and labor representatives, it means replacing high price supports with direct payments to insure that farmers receive parity of income. The substitution of a form of direct payments was suggested nearly 20 years ago by Charles F. Brannan when he was a member of President Truman's cabinet but was shouted down.

Beyond that, the commission's findings echo basic concerns of recent years — the population explosion and the need for birth control in underdeveloped countries, the new stress on Food for Peace as an instrument of national policy, the need to take marginal land out of production and help more farmers find work in the cities. Tucked away in the report is a suggestion that farm workers should have the same federal collective bargaining rights as industrial workers.

If the initial reaction on "the Hill," described by one observer as a "dull thud," is any gauge of the prospect of getting new legislation out of this latest attempt to reach agreement by consensus planning, you can put your copy on the shelf and let it start collecting dust.

About the same time, the Economic Research Service of the Department of Agriculture released its new study on parity. ERS cautiously suggested abandoning the 1910-14 standard for parity and replacing it with one based on a combination of income comparable to that of factory workers (the figure \$2.19 per hour is suggested) plus a fair return on capital investment. This

study was ordered in the Food and Agriculture Act of 1965 (the life of the act is four years). However, the old standard of parity gives farmers one of their few feelings of security and they're not apt to watch in silence if an attempt is made to change it. Nor are the chairmen of the agricultural committees in Congress expected to promote such a change (Sen. Allen Ellender [D, La.] chairman of the Senate committee, helped frame the present standard of parity as a young senator some 30 years ago).

The release of two new reports focuses attention once more on a disheartening cycle. A problem arises, tempers flare and a commission is appointed with members representing all interests, including an amorphous one called the "public." By the time the report, always watered down, is issued the problem is no longer in the spotlight. The report gathers dust.

A typical example is the report of the National Food Marketing Commission (it cost \$2.5 million whereas the Food and Fiber Commission spent only a paltry \$650,000). The NFMC was set up in 1964 when the cattle country was in an uproar over prices and politicians of both parties were anxious to be for something. Sen. Gale McGee (D, Wyo.) was an original sponsor but he really wanted to turn the whole matter over to the Federal Trade Commission on a continuing basis, hoping thereby to get a good look at manipulation in the marketplace. He had to settle for a commission. Now, Senator McGee and his colleagues are back fighting their original battle, trying to get a sizable appropriation for FTC to allow it to set up a food marketing section to conduct a year-around probe of marketing practices. Last fall, they were frustrated at an executive level when the Bureau of the Budget red-penciled the FTC request for such funds. An attempt is being made to restore the funds at a congressional level. Meanwhile, the cries of alarm from cattle country have died out, temporarily.

Political Science

The National Science Foundation is refusing to renew a \$250,000 two-year grant for basic research in mathematics because the professor who administers the money is against the Vietnam war. The money is handled by Dr. Stephen Smale, a brilliant mathematician at the University of California's Berkeley campus, and in the main it goes to support research by members of the mathematics department during the summer. Smale himself gets perhaps \$5,000 a year out of the grant. The NSF is knuckling under to Republican Congressman Richard L. Roudebush of Indiana, who threatened to seek a congressional veto of the project.

Roudebush has been after Smale because the mathematician took an active part in demonstrations run by

the Vietnam Day Committee in 1965, and because in 1966, he appeared in Moscow for an international meeting of mathematicians. There he received the equivalent to the Nobel Prize in mathematics, and during his stay, he spoke against the Vietnam war to reporters from both Hanoi and the United States. He had been subpoenaed to appear before HUAC, but as luck would have it, was in Moscow and never received the subpoena. Hearings were over when he returned. Since 1965, Smale has taken little part in politics.

In deciding not to renew the grant the NSF did its little bureaucratic dance, saying that while on the one hand there was nothing "intrinsic" wrong with the research, the administrative arrangements were not "acceptable." This was nonsense since they had previously been perfectly acceptable. Anyhow Smale got word through Berkeley Chancellor Heyns' office that the Foundation probably would cut him off several weeks before the official letter came along. Heyns himself is a member of the National Science Board which runs the Foundation. Some of the faculty rallied behind Smale, but most of the physical scientists find themselves in a bind. The NSF gives a good many of them money for equipment, and helps subsidize graduate students who are important in building strong departments. Other than writing a few letters, it is unlikely they will risk going after NSF because of Smale.

Footing the Bill

Aspirants to public office have to spend a lot of money just getting nominated. After that they can expect the party organization to underwrite much of the cost of a campaign. John Kennedy's nomination did not come cheap. And someone is paying George Romney's plane fare. If Congress were to make it possible for a poor man to become president in an era of millionaire politicians it would need to dispense its largesse long before convention time, and this would be impractical. The compromise campaign financing plan approved by the Senate Finance Committee September 14 does not solve the poor man's problems; it merely pays the bills during a brief 90-day period before an election. In a presidential contest each major party would receive 20 cents for every vote cast in the previous election — \$14 million in 1968 based on 70 million votes cast in 1964. The party must elect to take the money and shun private contributions, or finance the campaign exclusively through private means. (Provision is also made for third party and US Senate candidates; the House, when it considers the bill, will take care of its own.)

The financing scheme's principal theoretical advantage would be to free candidates of debts to large contributors, but preconvention campaigns, which sometimes seem to drag on for years, would continue to re-

quire private money, and hence favors to be repaid.

In committee, the plan understandably got no support from Republicans, who traditionally have had less money trouble than the Democrats. Republicans are not eager to lose this advantage. In fact, it is probable that neither party will make use of the taxpayer's money if it thinks it can get more elsewhere. (Republican campaign committees *reported* spending \$17 million on the Goldwater campaign.) Were the Democrats to take their \$14 million in public funds and the Republicans to raise their own money, 1968 political financing could be quite lopsided.

Acceptance of the federal subsidy would be encouraged by the separate election reform bill passed September 12 by the Senate. Among other things, it limits individual political contributions to \$5,000.

How Many Unemployed?

Federal expenditures on manpower programs amount to nearly \$2 billion a year with nine separate agencies having a piece of the action. More than a score of individual programs properly come under the heading of job training. Almost \$400 million is being spent annually under the Manpower Development Training Act, \$325 million is going into the Neighborhood Youth Corps, \$225 million for the controversial Job Corps, about \$250 million for vocational education, \$100 million on the work experience program and another \$100 million on special job programs which evolved from the 1966 antipoverty legislation.

So many agencies are running so many job programs that early this year at the direction of the President, the Labor Department unveiled an \$80 million effort, the concentrated employment program (CEP), to reach 100,000 hard-core unemployed in 19 "target" cities. CEP was supposed to pull together the grab-bag of services and programs, already authorized, in a more personalized attempt to put the unemployed to work.

As if the proliferation of these approaches were not enough, a few weeks ago the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee, approved \$927 million in fiscal 1968 funds for job training as part of the 1967 anti-poverty bill and then tacked on to it a \$2.5 billion emergency job program. Under the committee plan \$1-billion would be allotted in the current fiscal year and the remainder in fiscal 1969 to support "labor intensive" projects in low-income areas that have "severe" unemployment problems. Another job proposal submitted recently by the urban coalition called on the government to provide at least one million "meaningful" and "socially useful" new jobs for the jobless.

How many *are* unemployed and where are they?

The Bureau of Labor Statistics within the Labor Department, which on September 6 reported that during

August, 3.8 percent of the nation's work force was unemployed and 7.2 percent of the Negro work force was jobless, told a reporter it had no figures on individual cities. The Department's Bureau of Employment Security claimed its unemployment figures for specific cities were "too unreliable" to be made public. There are no official estimates of city-by-city unemployment, only "unofficial" figures for internal use."

The Department's Information Office also denied the existence of any city unemployment data. Instead, it had unemployment rates for "labor markets," usually geographical areas larger than the individual city. Such figures tend to conceal the high rate of inner city or ghetto unemployment. Labor market figures (which the Labor Department puts together from reports submitted by state employment security agencies) for the nation's 20 largest cities disclosed that 16 of those cities have unemployment rates well below the national average. If that's the case, why all the fuss about unemployment? Where are the masses of unemployed?

Special job surveys were conducted in neighborhoods within eight selected cities late in 1966, but the Labor Department prefers not to bruit this information about. Those surveys which have been made public reveal an average unemployment rate of 10 percent (three times the national average), with unemployment of 15.6 percent in the Hough area of Cleveland and 13 percent in Oakland's Bayside. Other surveys reportedly show Negro unemployment running as high as 48 percent in some parts of Chicago, 36 percent in North Philadelphia and 34 percent in Los Angeles' Watts district. But the Labor Department cannot tell the whole story of unemployment by city, neighborhood and race for the entire nation. During a Senate hearing this summer, Sen. Robert Kennedy accused Secretary Wirtz and his Department of deliberately understating the facts about Negro unemployment. In despair, Kennedy declared that perhaps he should "go out and count them [the unemployed] myself." To which Wirtz replied: "Maybe it would be a good idea."

Philadelphia Story

The Philadelphia Inquirer has a distinguished record for public service. No other major daily we know has run an eight-part series on the American flag, and very few others are in the habit of giving arrest (not conviction) records of people suspected of breaking the law. The *Inquirer* continues to set the pace by deciding to let columnist Joe McGinniss express his opinions, even if they are not the opinions of the *Inquirer*.

This outburst of fair play has its genesis in a news story that began to develop a few months ago.

Mayor James H. J. Tate decided in July that the way to avoid summer trouble in his town was to

suspend the constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and the right to assemble. In the interests of keeping the peace, the mayor issued a proclamation making it illegal for any group of 12 or more people to have a meeting outdoors.

Two days later, some Philadelphians decided to heed President Johnson's suggestion that we pray for peace. They chose to do their praying in front of a downtown cathedral. Police moved in and arrested all 22 of them for defying the mayor's proclamation. District Attorney Arlen Specter — a man who wants to be mayor and will try this November — declined to prosecute, which vexed Philadelphia's police commissioner, Frank Rizzo, known as a tough cop to his department and "The Cisco Kid" to his critics in the South Philadelphia neighborhood where he was born.

Rizzo was therefore moved to give a speech in which he said he had proof that eight of the demonstrators were communists, which angered columnist McGinniss, who fired off a piece likening Rizzo to the late Senator McCarthy. He concluded by quoting Rizzo as having boasted to reporters that he stomped on a man who was being arrested.

This did not set well with the people who determine the editorial policy of the *Inquirer*, which is renowned for its staunch support to the forces of law and order.

Three days after McGinniss' column ran, the *Inquirer's* lead editorial had this to say: "It should not be necessary to point out that the columns which appear in this newspaper represent only the viewpoints of the individuals who write them. When the *Inquirer* wishes to make known its policies and its opinions, it does so solely by means of editorials. These are well-known facts of newspaper publication, but we are mentioning them again in order to make sure there are no misunderstandings concerning a column appearing in last Friday's issue under the byline of Joe McGinniss."

The editorial went on to say that Rizzo's appointment to his present job "was one of the best things that has happened to Philadelphia in a long time," which made Rizzo so delighted he telephoned Managing Editor John S. Gillen at home. It was Gillen's day off, he hadn't seen the editorial, and he really didn't know what Rizzo was so happy about until he went out later and bought a copy of the bulldog edition.

So there is much happiness in Philadelphia now.

Rizzo is happy because the *Inquirer* defended him against the *Inquirer*; Tate is happy because the city council has passed an ordinance empowering the mayor to prohibit outdoor meetings again, whenever he thinks it is necessary; and some staff people on the *Inquirer* are happy. "The important thing to remember," said one of them, "is that McGinniss hasn't been fired. This implies that McGinniss can actually continue to express his opinions in his column. Things are looking up at the *Inquirer*."

Portrait of a "Wretched" Man

Robert Williams — Wanted by the FBI

Robert Williams, who returned in 1955 from the Marines to Monroe, N. C., is one of those "wretched, vulgar men" the President could have had in mind when he spoke to the police chiefs on September 14 and lambasted these "poisonous propagandists" who incite violence in our cities. The FBI flyer on Williams is No. 290, dated September 6, 1961, and is a story in itself. Wanted By The FBI: Interstate Flight — Kidnapping, Robert Franklin Williams. Complexion: Dark Brown. Race: Negro. Nationality: American. Occupations: free lance writer, freight handler, janitor, machinist. 6'. 240 pounds. Scar left eyelid, scar left nostril, scar on calf of right leg. *Caution* — Williams allegedly has possessed a large quantity of firearms, including a .45 caliber pistol which he carries in his car. He has been previously diagnosed as schizophrenic and has advocated and threatened violence. Williams should be considered armed and extremely dangerous.

J. Edgar Hoover signed this flyer and his most uncritical admirers would find food for thought that neither the FBI nor any other agency had examined and determined the nature of Williams' mental health at the time. Williams believes the FBI received its psychiatric information from the local white chief of police named Mauney, about whom more later.

In Monroe, Williams began to recruit returning veterans like himself into the local branch of the NAACP. With the help of white Unitarians, he peacefully integrated the public library. In 1957, he turned his attention to the town's segregated swimming pool built with federal WPA funds and maintained by municipal taxes. Negroes swam in a creek. Williams' proposal to the town was not to integrate the pool but to let Negroes use it one day a week though blacks were one-third of the population. Williams good-humoredly related what he was told: If niggers use the pool, we'd have to drain out the water before it can be used again and that would be too expensive.

Four years later, 1961, after two Negro children had drowned in the creek, Williams asked Monroe to build a separate pool for Negroes. The request was turned down. Williams threw a picket line around the pool and the whites shot at the pickets. Williams ran over to the watching chief of police to get him to stop the shooting. Mauney said, "I don't hear anything." The pool remained closed though the Klan came to Williams' house and threatened to kill him and his wife.

On June 23, 1961, Williams was driving his small

Hillman down US Highway 74 when a De Soto sedan tried to force him over a cliff. He couldn't race away from the speedier De Soto which then locked bumpers with the Hillman and sped in a zig-zag course to overturn the smaller car. They were going 70 mph through a 35 mph zone when Williams saw highway patrolmen and began pounding his horn. The patrolmen watched him race by and laughed. When Williams finally freed his car, it was banged up. He drove it to the chief of police, told his story, gave the name of the man driving the De Soto. The chief of police looked at his damaged car and said, "I don't see anything." A reporter happened to be standing nearby and he questioned the chief's hold on reality; only then did the chief go through the motions of wanting to make an arrest.

Another time a car shot out of a drive-in restaurant to ram Williams' car but only hit his bumper. The white driver got out with a baseball bat as a white crowd appeared. When the driver came close enough, Williams aimed a gun at his face and the assailant ran away for help to the police. A policeman arrived, and with a crowd surrounding the car and yelling for a lynching, he ordered Williams to give up his gun. North Carolina law makes it legal for a man to have arms in his car as long as they are out in the open and Williams told this to the policeman. When the policeman insisted, Williams is said to have put a gun to the policeman's nose and the policeman ordered the angry crowd to let Williams' car through. Williams slowly eased through the crowd as an elderly man kept hollering at the crowd to kill the nigger.

With a charter from the National Rifle Association in Washington, D.C., Williams had armed himself and his group as a defense guard.

It was Williams who had to search for a lawyer to handle the famous kissing case of Monroe. Two Negro boys, Hanover Thompson age 9 and his pal Fuzzy Simpson age 7, were arrested on a rape charge which is subject to the death penalty in North Carolina. A white girl their age invited them to play house as they were on their way home from school. Recognizing the son of her mother's domestic worker, the little girl

kissed Hanover on the cheek. When her mother found out, she washed her mouth with soap and called the police. Hanover and Fuzzy were arrested, thrown in a cell underneath the jail on a rape charge and their parents were not notified. The police procedure was legally correct under North Carolina law. The boys were eventually freed, but they were never cleared of the charge.

Economic pressure by the Klan kept Williams unemployed. His insurance was canceled because he had become a poor risk. The NAACP in New York suspended him for advocating violence, but the local members reelected him. During his last four years in Monroe, Williams lived under constant threats, plots and actual attempts on his life. Stories of Williams circulate in the ghetto. One is about a Monroe Negro, supposedly the town's handkerchief-head, who sneaked off to Williams' house to tell him that he had just overheard the Klan plotting his ambush. Williams strapped on his .45, went straight to the garage where the meeting was taking place, opened the door onto the Klansmen and asked if they were plotting his murder. "Oh no, Mr. Williams," the leader replied. "If you decide to," Williams told them, "I'll be around here." Then he walked off.

The Klan attacked the black community, and Williams, no doubt helped by his Marine training, outmaneuvered the Klan. His riflemen shot it out with the Klan and the Klan fled. In all the contemporary violence against blacks, no living person had heard of such a Negro victory. The news was only carried by *Jet*, *Afro-American*, and a banner, front-page headline in the *Norfolk Journal and Guide*. The victory proved to Williams that arming to defend oneself reduces bloodshed and saves Negro lives.

Williams' lawyer at the time told how the truth of this paradox was confirmed: Herbert Lee, the chairman of the nonviolent youth in McComb, Mississippi, went to register to vote and a state congressman shot him through the head. This was a federal crime because it was a state official who was depriving a man of the right to life itself. The attorney general in Washington was not aroused. The Department of Justice did not prosecute. The FBI saw no crime to pursue. Learning of Monroe, the Negroes then formed a defense guard. Six Negroes went back to McComb to vote. The Negroes had made it known throughout McComb that a Negro defense guard existed. The Negroes registered to vote and there were no Negro deaths or violence. "That is the lesson of Monroe," says the former attorney of Williams.

If the victory over the Klan was sparsely reported, the white male crime against Negro women in Monroe was ignored. One woman was made to dance in the street as a gun was fired at her feet. Another woman was kicked down stairs for waking up a man with her cleaning, and a third fought off an attempted rape. The

COMING: *a meeting with
the NLF — two reports
from Czechoslovakia
by Christopher Jencks*

local police did nothing. In the midst of all this violence, a letter was sent off to a Northern congressman, Representative Kowalski of Connecticut. Representative Kowalski notified the then attorney general Robert Kennedy asking for an investigation because he was "appalled to learn about the lawlessness in Monroe." There was no investigation anyone heard about.

Governor Terry Sanford sent down a Negro trouble-shooter. According to Williams the troubleshooter dangled before him the carrot of a job if he would cool it. (The NAACP offered him a job in Detroit.) Williams reported the troubleshooter's bribe to the governor's aide Hugh Cannon and Cannon replied, "You mean to tell me that you're not dead yet?"

The climax to Williams' trouble came when Freedom Riders arrived in Monroe to help him desegregate the town. By this time, Williams, who had earlier won non-violent victories and had believed in King's pacifism at the right time and place, now saw nonviolent protest as an invitation to white violence.

Freedom Riders were chased and beaten as Monroe law watched. White violence spread out to threaten the black community, but Williams had roadblocks up and armed men on guard. Riding into this street were Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Stegall who had earlier tied a racist banner on their car proclaiming: Open Season On Coons. When Williams was called out of his house, the Stegalls were surrounded by his riflemen. Mrs. Stegall's first account said that Williams had rescued her from his men. The chief of police called Williams to tell him the state troopers were on their way and Williams would be hanging in the town square in a half-hour.

When Williams heard the news of the state troopers coming confirmed on a television news program, he and his wife packed lightly and fled out their back door. Mrs. Stegall changed her story to say that Williams had kidnapped her and the next day the FBI was in pursuit of the Williamses. Flyer No. 290 was being printed to forestall their escape to other cities.

They went to New York City, eastern Canada, western Canada, down the west coast of the United States, into Mexico, and then onto Cuba. Williams claimed that he did not set out to go there, but saw Cuba as a safer alternative than returning to Monroe. While in Cuba, Williams began raving against America. It is believed that one of the reasons he left Cuba was that Castro refused to allow him to broadcast back to the United States plans for causing insurrections in the cities. Williams went to China.

Now that Williams has been sandpapered by events down to the nerves and is issuing barbaric statements, the men who sat pat and those actively involved in Monroe injustice seem to have justice on their side. Yet Williams' initial swimming pool request was unbearably minimal, for a man who had soldiered to save the world for democracy. While Williams was patient, children drowned. While he was nonviolent, unprotected Freedom Riders were beaten. When Williams returned to Monroe to join the NAACP, justice had already been in arrears to him. When he looked for help, justice failed him miserably. Whether or not Williams returns to America, his actions, his lessons, his influence have not been lost on the ghetto.

MORRIS RENEX

A Crazy Kind of Carnival

San Francisco

Seth Freeman, a 22-year-old mathematician and playwright from Berkeley, is putting together an unusual carnival called *Expo '67 Vietnam* which he hopes to start in San Francisco in October. Expo is part of an international theatre protest against the war. A statement explaining the reasons for Expo says: "America at war is a carnival. The war in Vietnam is absurd. The carnival is absurd. The rules of play are understood upon entering the front gate: anything goes. The commitment to pure fantasy allows the confrontation with disturbing reality. In the nightmare land of society's sickness, depository of the human race gone wrong: freaks, mutations, perversions. . . . Darkest of the minds fears: monsters and unknown danger (the madhouse), confinement and suffocation (diving bell), loss of control (roller coaster), heights (ferris wheel), loss of perception (the house of funny mirrors, the kaleido-

scope, the centrifuge), antisocial hostility (bump cars, shooting arcade, games of destruction). Gathering place for all members of society. Incarnation of the peculiar American injunction to have fun. . . . The Expo in Montreal indulges visitors in a technological utopia programmed for 1980. *Expo '67 Vietnam* in San Francisco confronts the reality of today."

Freeman took me down to an isolated industrial part of the city, up into a loft where they had laid out a scale model of Expo, and then gave me a guided tour of the place. The visitor is meant to enter the carnival through one of several gates. Presumably he will pick the one to go through because he identifies with the slogan printed above. One might say, "Bomb Vietnam back to the Stone Age," or, "Negotiate Now," or "Vietnam, where's that?" There will be a gate for the revolutionaries, one with an appropriate Buddhist slogan

for the hippies, and so forth. On getting past the entrance you are immediately in a dreadful maze. If, for instance, you walk in through "Negotiate Now," you'll go down a corridor with politicians blaring out of the woodwork. You may happen on a table: that's the famous negotiating table Johnson talks about, and eventually you will be confronted by a soldier, blocking the way. You have to negotiate around him, but he won't negotiate. If, on the other hand, you go in through the door which identifies you as one who just can't be bothered with the war, you may enter a comfortable room with Mantovani playing. Everything is cushy until you try to make contact with the outside world. The telephone rings. A voice on the other end says he can't come over to dinner because he wants to talk about Vietnam and you don't. The flower children will have a miserable time of it, for their maze will begin with a few lovely spring flowers; on moving along, however, they turn to weeds which in the end are so thick they clog the way.

On getting through the maze, you enter a pleasant orientation area where there is information about food and toilets; you are welcomed with the promise that while people may become involved in things from time to time, nobody is going to get hurt and people are supposed to have fun. From the orientation room you go to one or another of several arcades. These don't differ much in form from similar places at Coney Island, Saigon or Las Vegas. You may throw balls or shoot toy guns at Vietnamese. You can have your picture taken shaking hands with the President, or if you'd rather, have it taken sticking your tongue out at him. Some of the games, however, may surprise you. As Freeman described one of them, "There's something you hit, some kind of bag and you show your strength. You hit the bag and the thing goes up and gets higher. But at one point when you're hitting it, it might start to cry, you know, just a little whimper at first. . . . But it gets louder and louder, and your test is how long can you keep hitting the thing." (Just so people will take it seriously *Expo '67 Vietnam* will have an entrance fee of 2 cents.)

After playing the machines for a while, you can go into a central area and sitting down, watch any one of four or five plays which are being performed on different stages set in a circle around the audience. There may be two plays complementing one another going on at once. After the theatre, you can actively participate in group games, perhaps a game in counterinsurgency or rioting. After a go at the games, you can take a rest, wandering through an area where relatively straight stuff on the war is handed out. Here the Women's Strike for Peace may have a booth, or a group of faculty members could get names on a petition against the war, or for the more hard-nosed types, a team of demolition experts might show how to blow up a Navy

pier, a troop train or scuttle a ship carrying goods to Vietnam. After that there is a rhythm in motion section; this will include a hall of mirrors, where an actor might disconcert you by imitating you in some grotesque manner, or a light show, where you see half yourself and half of Johnson merged in one image. In a house of horrors, Freeman and his people are trying to figure out a way to make a white middle-class male feel psychologically as he might were he to see his wife raped by a black. Running in and out of the carnival will be all sorts of people and you can never tell whether they are actors or not. Is the man with the sign urging that all Jews be burned up, a member of the Nazi party or an actor?

Finally, there is a pavilion under a big sign called "Victory Vietnam." Here you'll get an idea of what life will be like if the US wins. Freeman thinks that in this case Vietnam is likely to resemble Berkeley. "I mean I see it for middle-class liberals," he says, "not a place for hawks, but a place for academicians. I see it like the University of California, which contributes to the war as much as any company." In Victory Vietnam, as Freeman conceives it, "You could dance and it would be fun; it should be fun. But there might be creepy bits of fascism, too. For example, you'd have to go through very elaborate customs to get in; you might be stopped and asked for your identification. One of us wants to sell a Cadillac for 35 cents, if we can get one donated by some Cadillac peacenik. There would be a beautiful golf course - all the things you'd find if American industry moved in. Oh, and in one area, you know, there is a little cage with the last living Vietnamese, whom you could feed or something."

Freeman has a handful of helpers working on the project and about 1,000 people who will scavenge the equipment and set up the exhibits. He hasn't finally settled on a plot of land, but hopes to have the carnival in the industrial section of San Francisco, somewhere in view of the large Hamm's Beer sign.

While the carnival is in progress, small groups of actors will be going around parts of the city and other cities in the Bay Area doing what is called "guerrilla theatre." The actors carry the theatre to the audience. They may work off the backs of trucks, or on street corners, but the idea is to make a point with a few swift images, bright costumes and taped music. Some want to use guerrilla theatre to actually disrupt things, putting on a play in the middle of the Golden Gate Bridge and stopping traffic, for instance; Freeman sees it as a more effective and immediate kind of journalism. This kind of theatre, using documentary techniques, could put together short sketches of important events, acting, in effect, much as the Newark taxicab radio network did to carry word of brutality in the riot to people more quickly than does the press.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

A US-SOVIET AGREEMENT ON THE MIDDLE EAST?

General Assembly Debate

United Nations

For a moment earlier in the summer, it looked as if an American-Soviet compromise on the Middle East was in the making. Then, under the heat of Arab disapproval, the Russians backed away. The Algerians especially were furious at the prospect of a Soviet sellout. Algeria's Boumedienne (who visited Moscow twice following the "six day war") charged that all the Kremlin leaders were interested in was the formidable Chinese pressure on their eastern borders; consequently, the Russians were not willing to provoke the Americans too much anywhere. Not only Arab extremists were making life difficult for the Russians. At their most recent summit meeting in Khartoum, the Arab states agreed to resume or to improve their relations with Washington, because only the US can give them the aid they badly need.

These developments seem to have alarmed the Kremlin. Instead of continuing talks with the US on an agreement reached last July (under which the General Assembly would have called for the withdrawal of Israeli troops, along with Arab recognition of Israel), the Soviets swung behind the Tito plan, which is acceptable to "moderate" Arabs because it requires almost nothing from them as a price for Israeli withdrawal. Under it, they would not have to admit the existence of the Jewish state, and any "guarantee" of Israeli security would come from the four big powers or the Security Council, which in the past have proved unreliable. The Tito plan is ungenerous to Israel even in respect to freedom of navigation: Israeli ships would be able to pass through the Straits of Tiran, but only pending a ruling by the International Court of Justice. The Yugoslav resolution foresees that navigation in the Suez Canal would be resumed on the same principles as those "enforced before June 5." That would permit a renewed blockade of Israeli ships or ships navigating from or to Israel. The Yugoslavs may realize the unreality of their proposal, since they have ready a second version, under which the Canal would be opened to ships carrying cargoes to Israel, though not to those displaying the Israeli flag. Either version of the Tito plan will be resisted by Ambassador Goldberg, for it is the American view that a return to the June 5 frontiers and nothing else would invite renewed violence in the Middle East.

The US is not out to prevent *any* resolution from being adopted by the Assembly. Such a tactic was ap-

propriate during the emergency session, for the US was altogether against the Soviet action in calling the session; it seemed in the American interest then to prove that Moscow's initiative was futile and that the Russians could not command a majority in the UN. Now, the State Department would apparently like a resolution that combines some elements objectionable to both the Arabs and the Israelis.

Although for the time being Moscow may feel it has no choice but to follow its defeated Arab allies, it is by no means excluded that at a later stage, especially if the Tito plan collapses, the Soviets will turn once again to the US. Whatever they say in public, the Soviets and all their friends in Eastern Europe are weary of the immense burden of continued support for the defeated Arabs, whose position in the UN and else-



"People just don't understand the problems of parents these days. . . ."

where, is further weakened by internal rifts. "We thought Nasser was an Arab de Gaulle," Algerian officials are quoted as saying, "but he proved to be only an Arab Pétain." They privately reproach the Egyptian president most because he rejected their advice and did not resume the war against Israel. Some UN diplomats believe that should this General Assembly turn out badly for the Arabs, the "radicals" (Algeria and Syria) may move from private to public attacks on such "moderates" as Nasser.

But none of this is likely to happen before the end of October, or even November. Before then, an attempt may be made to reopen the Suez Canal. Britain, which is hurting most from its closure, is reported to be preparing a Security Council call for mutual withdrawal of Israeli and Egyptian troops from the banks of the Canal. The British hope that if they get the support of the Soviet Union (which also suffers from the Canal's being closed), other great powers will follow and a resolution could be adopted which Cairo and Jerusalem may not dare defy for long.

I don't wish to leave the impression that the General Assembly which opened last week, will concern itself only with the Middle East. That would not suit the Russians. Soviet diplomats in New York have been asking other delegates whether, after all, the Middle

East is really the most important issue? Isn't Vietnam and the new American escalation there much more important? The Russians want everybody to speak up about Vietnam, but only in the General Assembly where the problem is not on the agenda and where no decision can be taken. The Soviets are resisting any American effort to put Vietnam before the Security Council, for that could prove embarrassing. "If we allow the Security Council to vote anything," they say, "we will be denounced by Peking and Hanoi at the same time."

The Russians have little to fear on this score. A couple of weeks ago President Johnson gave his blessing to a new initiative in the Security Council, largely to please Senator Mansfield and a few of his friends. However, soundings made by Arthur Goldberg and his team have shown that it would be very difficult to gather the nine votes necessary at the first meeting of the Council. So the prospect is for denunciations during the Assembly of American behavior in Vietnam, but no action. Those who defend the US, or refrain from bitterly criticizing it, will be motivated not by sympathy for American policy, but by the inner knowledge that one cannot safely castigate the Americans in Vietnam if one needs their support elsewhere.

PHILIP BEN

Thailand: Privileged Sanctuary

by Orville Schell

Bangkok

Five years ago, a visitor might have looked twice at a Buddhist monk in saffron robes passing the *Sorry 'bout That* bar or a neon Pepsi Cola sign flashing at night across golden roofed temples. Today he would take it in stride. Bangkok is a boom town of Western luxury hotels, motels, restaurants, car hops and a network of bars and "massage parlors" for our fighting men from Vietnam on R&R (Rest and Recreation).

Our officials here are comforted by the fact that Thailand has no experience of anti-colonial nationalism (except during the Japanese occupation when Pridi Panomyong, who is now in China, organized the Free Thai Movement) to serve as a foundation for an insurgent communist movement. USOM (US Operations Mission) officials tell you, too, that there is little land hunger and no tradition of oppressive landlordism, as in Vietnam. Most farmers own their land. Thailand is

one of the few rice exporting countries in Asia. The military government gains strength from the support of King Bhumipol Adulydej and his gorgeous wife, Queen Sirikit, who, as leaders of the Buddhist church, hold a privileged place in the hearts of most of the common people. Finally, one is reminded that since Thai history includes no representative government, the people are not dissatisfied with their military regime. Rome was not built in a day, etc.

The US has eight huge air bases here and 40,000 troops to go with them. Not until March of this year, however, did our Ambassador, Graham Martin, admit we had been using these bases to bomb North Vietnam. It wasn't much of a secret. Anyone with \$5 in his pocket can board a train for Korat, Udorn, Taki or Ubon; sit in his hotel room and watch F-4C Phantoms, F-105 Thunderchiefs, FR-101 reconnaissance planes

screaming off the runways laden with ordnance and heading north. Even after the AP broke the base story, our Embassy advised resident correspondents not to mention their real purpose; the news would be contrary to "our national interest." The Embassy was aware that the Thais were very sensitive about having been pressured into granting the US permission to use the northeast as a privileged air sanctuary, thereby extending the Vietnam war into Thailand. No doubt they were compensated with handsome promises of aid, but this was an irrevocable step away from the country's tradition of playing each side off against the other. The March announcement left the Thais unalterably committed, and the China-based *Voice of the Thai People* kept reminding them that when the chips were down, Peking would not forget this "sellout."

Ever since the summer of 1966 when Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy said on TV that we had 32,000 troops in Thailand, most people have probably assumed the troops were there to deal with local communist insurgency. If we were willing to commit such resources, the problem must be grave, though under control. In fact, we were in Thailand because of Vietnam. In 1965 US military and economic assistance to Thailand was \$76.5 million; in 1966, \$87 million; in 1967, \$110 million. But a single B-52 base at Sattahip cost \$200 million; one can only imagine what the other seven bases have cost. They are not for use to fight a thousand or so insurgents in Thailand.

In Udorn, one northeast base town I visited, it was apparent that more and more Thais are becoming financially dependent on the Americans. Hotels, restaurants and night clubs catering solely to servicemen are mushrooming. Although some of them are built with money put up by US servicemen themselves (with Thai "fronts"), there are a good many local Thai investors who seem confident the Americans will be around long enough to justify Thai investment. Udorn shops are loaded with PX goods; everything from stateside beer and stretch pants to cowboy boots and country Western records is available in local stores. Any GI willing to take a small risk can make a handsome weekly profit selling army goods on the sly.

Udorn's 40 or 50 bars provide almost the only contact most GIs have with Thais. Nineteen-year-olds with flat-top haircuts and white socks wander the streets trying to decide which bar to hit. All are populated by "hostesses" from the countryside, many of whom "marry" servicemen who have wives and children back home. The girls live with the American until his tour of duty is over, then are abandoned. Access to the PX is cut off. The girl is left without a house or support.

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And often she goes back to the bar as a prostitute.

The Thais are not accustomed to public displays of affection, and base commanders, who are on to this fact, have ordered our servicemen to stay off the streets with their women. There is a feeling among military officers that the Thais will be mollified if they just don't have to look at Americans cavorting with Thai girls. A Peace Corps volunteer told me it was almost impossible to get a "nice" Thai date because she was afraid of being mistaken for a prostitute. A Thai student said, without animosity, that he was very grateful for what the US is trying to do for Thailand, but that he felt "a great sadness" about what was happening. The Minister of Interior, Prapas Charusathien, last April said that the behavior of US servicemen "deeply displeased and disgusted" him.

The Government's Leaders

Since the first coup which overthrew the monarchy in 1932, the Thais have seen 30 cabinets and seven constitutions. Then, in 1957, Marshal Sarit Thanarat took over, dissolved the newly elected National Assembly and arrested some 100 leftists. Order was restored. The present "Revolutionary Government" still operates under martial law from the old Sarit days. Sarit died in 1963 leaving a reputation as a ruthless politician, a large personal fortune (\$150 million), and a bevy of wives feuding over the spoils. The government is now led by Thanom Kittikachorn, Prime Minister and Minister of Defense, whom few Thais love or hate. He has had a long career in the military and believes that Thailand can be saved from itself only by an ambitious program of economic development. His efforts have been rewarded by some impressive gains. The country has a growth rate of seven percent a year, though most of the development is around Bangkok.

The intellectuals are represented in the government by Foreign Minister Thanat Koman, who was educated in Paris and subsequently served as Thai Ambassador to the UN, and Pote Sarasin, lawyer, ex-premier and now Minister of National Development. Of all the cabinet members, Thanat has seemed most reluctant to see Thailand follow the US in the Asian struggle. Although Thailand this summer sent a combat contingent to Vietnam, Thanat repeatedly says that Thailand must first concentrate on building up a strong national defense of its own before getting involved elsewhere.

Perhaps the most controversial member of the cabinet is General Prapas Charusathien, Minister of the Interior, Deputy Prime Minister and Commander in Chief of the Army, who controls the hierarchy of provincial and district officials and the police force, which is now bearing the brunt of Thai counterinsurgency efforts. His power is immense. It is hard to find any Thais other than a few duty-bound officials who have

anything good to say about him. Prapas senses his own unpopularity, and perhaps as a result is less than enthusiastic about a new Thai constitution, which has been promised for several years. Promulgation of the constitution has been repeatedly delayed over the protests of a surprisingly peppery Thai press and such civilians as ex-Prime Minister Khuang Aphaiwongse and Pote Sarasin, who have already started to organize political parties. "There can be no constitution," Prapas believes, "until every single communist has been rounded up." "Suppose the Reds came to the polling places," Prapas says, "with 20 kilos of gold each, what would be the result? When we have a constitution and have held elections and this country turns Red, will you be satisfied?"

Regional interests have no legitimate channels through which to express their grievances. All provincial officials are appointed by Bangkok (usually by Prapas). They are frequently men from other areas and largely unfamiliar with and unsympathetic to local problems. Often they cannot speak the local dialects. They look on provincial assignments as a temporary exile from Bangkok. Although the caliber of these appointees has improved during the last two years, the system which has appointed them has not.

The Thai bureaucracy is further weakened by corruption so extensive that it has practically been systematized. Khuang Aphaiwongse recently observed that "there is corruption in every nook and corner of the country." (Police Chief General Prasert Richirwongse says facetiously that if there were no corruption in the government "there would be no communist insurgency in northeast Thailand.") Last March the King feared that "if all the corrupt persons were executed, there might not be any people left." Peace Corps volunteers in Nongkai have run into trouble on their community development project because they refused to pad expense accounts for their Thai counterparts. Officials in various government agencies reportedly won't even entertain bids for contracts without a 10-20 percent kickback. A governmental watchdog committee for contracts over \$50,000 has been set up, but the US Embassy dismisses charges of corruption as "grossly inflated."

Fear of Americanization

Is the threat of communist insurgency in the northeast and south greater than a year ago? Do the Thais have it under control? Most Thai officials ignore the first question and say yes to the latter. They are extremely edgy about any suggestion that they cannot handle the situation themselves. They justifiably fear the Americanization of their struggle. And so, with an eye on Vietnam, do the American advisers, who claim that the Thais *have* got on top of their problem soon

enough to prevent a runaway liberation movement.

A trip to the six affected provinces in the northeast shows that significant efforts are being made. Under the ARD (Accelerated Rural Development) program, an impressive number of new roads have been built. Police and Volunteer Defense Corps militiamen are being strengthened and coordinated with US assistance. Hundreds of radio sets have been distributed to remote villages to improve communications and security. Wells have been dug. Twenty-two helicopters were recently turned over to the Thai police after US pilots had spent several months semi-clandestinely ferrying Thais around. The trend is away from large-scale construction projects to self-help, community development type projects administered by the village.

I joined one Mobile Information Team in Nongkai province as it went down the Mekong, stopping at a different village each day. It consisted of a doctor, a vet and a crew of Thais from USIS with projectors and propaganda films. Each night a cloth screen was set up in the village. Hundreds of delighted Thais heard the King and Queen, a speech by Thanom, local song teams and saw a long, ham-fisted epic film called *'Cold Fire'*, which is the pride of the US Information Service. It is a story about a young northeastern Thai who almost gets seduced into a band of communist guerrillas but sees the light just in time for a happy ending. The Thais were not very entertained by this; it didn't make them feel what they call *sanuk*, or give them a sense of enjoyment. It was too obvious that the film had been conceived by some American who assumed that Thai attitudes toward communism were just the same as his.

One of the problems with these Mobile Information Teams is that no one has bothered to distinguish between propaganda and practical help. The people welcomed the doctor and the films. But their main concern was how to get through last year's flood and this year's drought. They had been promised rice relief by the government; very little had been forthcoming. The people were quick to blame it on corrupt officials. It is this sort of grievance that the communists capitalize on when they move into a village, round up the people and lecture them on police abuses, corruption, government neglect, taxation and what they call the "American takeover." They pass out propaganda leaflets and then quickly disperse.

Official estimates now place communist strength at over 1,500, double what it was less than a year ago. *The Bangkok Post* reports that in Sakorn Nakorn Province whole *Tambons* (districts of 10 hamlets) are under communist control. An average of 10 officials are being assassinated each month. The number of severe clashes is markedly higher this year than last. In August, a hundred miles from Bangkok in Prachuab Kirikhan Province, 10 police were killed in a single ambush. Numerous, but unsubstantiated reports of Soviet-built

helicopters flying over Thai territory have been bandied about by the Thai government, which claims that the disturbances are pure export from outside. Prapas says there are 4,000-10,000 Thais being trained in China.

Prapas plays it both ways. Consider the following statement which he made at a press conference on August 2: "There were very few activities in general of communist terrorism the past week, but murder of innocent officials and members of communist suppression groups were greatly increased." Prapas cannot say everything is fine when it is not, or how can he justify more American assistance? On the other hand, he cannot come straight out and say that the situation is getting worse, for this would reflect poorly on his record.

Meanwhile, per capita income in the northeast hovers around \$50 a year (the national average is about \$150). Rice yields there per *rai* are 40 percent below the national average. Past neglect by Bangkok plus a culture which is more related to Laos across the Mekong than to Thailand make the northeast vulnerable to communist agitation. The communist Thai Patriotic Front and the Thai Independence Movement (reportedly merged in November 1966) accuse the government of being "unrepresentative," to which Foreign Minister Thanom and General Prapas respond by balking fur-

ther on the issue of the constitution.

The emphasis of the CSOC (Communist Suppression Operations Command) based in Sakorn Nakorn has been on extermination of CTs (jargon for communist terrorists) rather than on the problems that breed them. Men like Prapas insist that Thailand's troubles are caused by a handful of infiltrators from North Vietnam and China and that the police force is the best weapon against them. An editor from the Thai paper *Prachati-patai* put it another way in an August 3 editorial: "I have received appeals for help from some persons in the northeast who have been arrested on charges of being communist terrorists and who are being taken away to be 'kicked off', an expression which means to be gotten rid of with no proper investigation or court trial. This method of getting rid of suspects, or of persons against whom some official might have a grudge, can only lead to still greater disunity among the Thai people and result in disaster in the end."

I don't know whether the "war" in Thailand will expand and become an "American war," as in Vietnam. Today, 40,000 US soldiers are there, whose sole mission is to bomb North Vietnam, South Vietnam and Laos. They have no constructive local function. Thailand has become a bomb rack for our war.

Black Control of Cities

Heading It Off by Metropolitan Government

by Frances Fox Piven & Richard A. Cloward

Metropolitan government is a recurrent theme of civic reform. The spread of urban blight cannot be prevented or services provided efficiently, it is said, until municipal boundaries are made coterminous with expanding areas of settlement. It is even said that metropolitan government can overcome *de facto* segregation by breaking down city-suburban lines.

Yet proposals by cities to annex adjacent areas have been consistently defeated by the voters. Functional districts (for education, transportation, etc.) are mushrooming, up by half in the last decade alone. The United States has 91,000 local governmental districts, an

average of 87 for each of the 225 standard metropolitan areas defined by the Bureau of the Census. The Chicago metropolitan area has 1,060 governmental units of one kind or another; New York has 1,400.

In our judgment, voters will probably continue to reject referenda for consolidation; nevertheless, local autonomy is being overcome. For what cannot be done electorally is being done administratively, as a result of federal intervention. The federal government is beginning to force localities to subordinate themselves to new area-wide planning bureaucracies. Localities which do not come together to establish cross-jurisdictional agencies will soon find it difficult to obtain federal grants-in-aid. In this way, a new domain of government is emerging.

The autonomy of local government will not be the

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only casualty of administrative metropolitanism; Negroes will be the losers too. The black masses are now building to electoral majorities in the larger American cities, but the promise of urban political power will be frustrated, for the new administrative government will be responsive to a majority coalition of suburban and inner-city whites. As blacks rise to power in the city, the city will lose power to the metropolis.

The Metro Framework

Last January, the President summed up the move toward metropolitanism in a special message to Congress: "Over the past five years the Congress has authorized federal grants for urban transportation, open space, and sewer and water facilities. The Congress has required that such projects be consistent with comprehensive planning for an entire urban or metropolitan area. The federal government has thus stimulated cooperation and joint planning among neighboring jurisdictions. . . ." The President went on to propose that additional federal benefits be awarded to localities when they "show that they are ready to be guided by their own plans . . . and where they establish the joint institutional arrangements to carry out those plans."

The legislative framework is still skeletal. Nevertheless, under the impetus of the National Housing Act of 1954 and subsequent measures providing funds for area-wide planning, three-fourths of the nation's metropolitan areas now have some form of area-wide agency. The Department of Housing and Urban Development gives priority in granting its "planning assistance" funds to agencies in populous urban areas with jurisdiction over wide geographic areas and with cooperative planning relationships with other units and levels of governmental planning. Since federal agencies usually entertain applications for monies far in excess of appropriations, they can reward localities which respond to their guidelines.

The Housing Act of 1961 is an early example of legislation specifying that a metropolitan plan must be submitted before federal funds would be released. By 1964, according to the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, 14 of the 43 federal urban programs required area-wide planning. Localities have frequently met this stipulation by forming an *ad hoc* metropolitan body to prepare a single proposal. But *ad hoc* arrangements will not do much longer. The Federal Highway Act of 1962 foreshadows the future pattern: to get money, localities must submit a comprehensive metropolitan transportation plan and establish a permanent planning agency.

Until recently the federal requirement for area-wide planning was confined to particular functions, such as highway development or water resources. This was the natural outcome of legislation produced by functional

congressional committees, administered by functional federal bureaucracies, and promoted by functionally oriented interest groups. Now the federal government is moving to require *multi-functional* plans as a condition of aid for any single project. The Transit Act of 1964, for example, says that an area seeking funds for highway construction will need to prepare a comprehensive plan (including plans for housing, water supply, etc.) of which transportation is but one component. Finally, metropolitan agencies will be asked to preempt decisions on future action. Thus a comprehensive planning and coordination bill now before Congress would provide special financial incentives to localities which develop comprehensive four-year plans.

Whatever the scope of metropolitan planning, it is vitiated when the local community can opt out at will; therefore federal power is being conferred upon metropolitan agencies. The Model Cities and Metropolitan Development Act of 1967 stipulates that requests for funds for "metropolitan development projects" must first be reviewed by an agency designated as the metropolitan planning body. And to smooth the way with incentives instead of sanctions, local projects deemed consistent with "coordinated planned metropolitan development" will become eligible for supplemental federal grants of up to 20 percent.

The metropolitan planning apparatus will also draw on the power of state government, a point which should be underlined because the states have the authority to override local decisions. Although federal grants for localities have traditionally been channeled through the states, funds for many newer programs are being funneled directly to urban areas. The states will not be granted preeminence in metropolitanism, at least not by a national Democratic administration. The federal government will, however, link them to the new system by making federal grants to state agencies conditional on their cooperation with metropolitan planning agencies. When the New York State Office of Planning Coordination recently requested federal funds for planning which would include the Long Island area, it was directed by HUD to submit its proposal to the Nassau-Suffolk Regional Planning Commission for prior review. Grant by grant the states will be brought into the metropolitan apparatus, and metropolitan preeminence over local government will be reinforced by drawing on the authority of collaborating state agencies.

If the federal government is to control metropolitan decisions, its myriad grant-in-aid decisions must be dovetailed to exert a consistent force. Legislation which created HUD directed that it "mesh together all our social and physical efforts to improve urban living." But HUD lacked power over its peer departments. Consequently the President assigned coordinating responsibilities to the Bureau of the Budget in the fall of 1966. This agency, probably the most powerful in the

Executive Branch and surely the most sensitive to the White House, now reviews all proposals for grants-in-aid in order to promote, in the President's words, "comprehensive planning covering wide areas."

It is not easy to describe the formal structure of the evolving metro agencies, since some of the legislation is so recent. A new agency may be established or an ongoing one assigned expanded functions, as when a transportation planning body is designated to do comprehensive planning. Professional staff usually report either to a lay board or to a "metropolitan council of governments" (a device first formed in 1954 which now exists in about 75 places).

In any case, the metro agency will be the hub of a network of administrative relationships linking the federal government to a host of local and state agencies. Each of these agencies will have to produce a plan conforming to federal guidelines in order to receive federal money, and the metro agency will be authorized to assess the plans. The metro agency will be the control point in an all-embracing bureaucratic system.

* *Urban Problems: Technical or Political?*

The classic rib to buttress the federal case that urban problems—whether pollution, congestion or blight—can't be solved without area-wide planning is the four-lane highway that turns into a cowpath at the county line. Transportation needs are, to be sure, generated by regional social and economic interrelations, and services should be designed from a regional perspective. Water resources management, already generally administered on a regional basis, cannot be local. (Private economic investment decisions also have repercussions throughout a region. However, government has rarely intruded into this area, contenting itself largely with providing the services and facilities required by industry and commerce, or trying to cope with the worst social effects of their investment decisions. Neither of these responses requires an area-wide purview.)

As a practical matter, local governments could make considerable progress on many problems without waiting to act in concert. Air pollution would be reduced if each jurisdiction were willing to regulate industry, utilities, and automobile owners. With federal aid, open space and such amenities could be provided if local governments were willing to preempt land from private developers. Central-city congestion, although created in part by people driving from dispersed suburbs, could be eased by banning cars from congested places and developing more efficient internal circulating systems. Similarly, localities can act within their own boundaries to restore blighted neighborhoods, drawing on the federal subsidies for low-rental housing which they now often ignore. *Communities fail to deal with many of these problems, not for lack of area-wide planning and*

coordination, but for lack of political will. In any event, whatever the technical advantages of planning these are not necessarily political advantages; by themselves, they do not explain the national Democratic administration's push for metropolitan consolidation.

What, then, does explain it? The key, we believe, is in some well-known demographic trends. Standard metropolitan statistical areas now include two-thirds of the population and 80 percent of manufacturing payrolls—that is, most voters and most corporate economic power. The Democratic leadership wants to build firm majorities from this electorate by reaching out for the allegiance of the burgeoning white suburbs while holding the support of the racially divided cities.

The central cities have been Democratic for more than three decades, but recent population shifts are undermining these strongholds. Rising numbers of blacks in the city arouse the antagonism of whites in the old Democratic coalition, especially working-class ethnic groups. The result is party splits and voter defections in New York, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Detroit, Baltimore, Gary and other cities.

As internal conflict weakens the old city coalition, suburban support has become critical in national politics. The growing suburbs overshadow the central cities; and reapportionment has given them electoral power commensurate with their numbers. As a result of reapportionment, the suburbs sent 20 additional representatives to the House in the 90th Congress. And although suburban Republicanism is tempered by the influx of Democratic voters, so are Democratic affiliations tempered by movement into the middle class and a prestigious Republican milieu; 18 of the 20 new suburban congressmen are Republicans.

The Democratic administration must also contend with a deepening rift between core city and suburbs. Fierce hostility greets demands for open occupancy and educational arrangements that would disperse the ghetto. The political repercussions are evident in Senator Charles Percy's landslide majorities in Chicago's suburbs, and in Governor Ronald Reagan's victory, especially in suburban Los Angeles. The more the city becomes poor black, the more the suburbs may be expected to withhold allegiance from a national party which speaks for the city. Class and racial cleavages in metropolitan areas thus foreshadow the next axis of antagonism in American politics: major alignments of the future will not be North *vs* South or rural *vs* urban, but city *vs* suburb. To retain its majorities, a national Democratic administration must find a way to hold together the conflict-ridden cities, to garner support in the suburbs, and somehow to avert the political expression of the schism between core and suburb. And that promises to be no small feat.

This is the first of two articles.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Italian Wars*

It's always pleasant to read about Italians. Even their novels of World War II, a war which was as cruel for them as for anyone and more senseless than for most, purvey a certain amount of charm. This is not because of a set of laughing, singing *O Sole Mio* clichés; it is because most Italians seem fundamentally deranged in an irresistible way. I lived in Rome through that city's coldest winter in a hundred years, with snow on the palm trees. One day I met the *portiere* of my apartment house in the stormy streets, bundled up, unhappy as a wet hen. He looked me straight in the eye and said stubbornly, "It never snows in Rome," while the snow was falling on him. I felt an urge to kiss him.

The characters in these two volumes of war fiction by four Italian authors* are not to be patronized as "children at heart"; but in their range from superstitious peasant to agnostic intellectual, they register some degree of subscription to the Italian *characterization* or else some degree of revolt against it. Part of that characterization is the sense of "genuine" role-playing, as displayed by my *portiere*. Part is in their sense of simultaneous unity and rivalry; in a nation that is, in fact, younger than ours, each man thinks of himself both as Italian and as Calabrian or Piedmontese or Venetian or Brescian or whatever. (Luigi Meneghello writes of his partisan chief: "Once or twice, he even made a speech, forcing himself to speak in Italian instead of dialect, so as to give gravity to what he said.") And part of the Italian characterization, as has often been noted, is what can be called a Jewish sense of family concern and over-concern. Italians have more joy in them than Jews because they have been able to root their clannishness in place more continuously than Jews. (Jews wept for centuries for the lost Jerusalem; Italians weep for the beauty

of Italy when they are in Italy.) But they share a feeling that any day spent out of the bosom of the family, or at least the familiar neighborhood, is questionable. Even in these narratives of disaster, of men uprooted and transported, the persistent sense of the Italian characterization comes through – and that this should be true in war fiction is in itself very Italian!

Most of these works were originally published in the early 1950's and thus are properly part of the postwar wave of Italian fiction that brought us Pratolini, early Berto, early Moravia, Pavese, and others. Excepting Tobino, none of these newly arrived writers is comparable with their better-known contemporaries, but they all have points of interest.

The translation of *The Lost Legions* was begun by Archibald Colquhoun, whose English version of Manzoni's *The Betrothed* is deservedly famous. After Colquhoun's death in 1964, the job was finished by Antonia Cowan, and finished seamlessly. There are three short books about World War II in this omnibus volume (not three novels, as the title-page says, but two collections of stories and one short novel). The first is a group of stories about the Italian forces in Greece, *The Army of Love* by Renzo Biasion. Some of the stories are touching, and all of them are refinedly sentimental. Greek prostitutes loom large in this collection, women who seem *en masse* to be the source of Melina Mercouri's public image. The idealization of prostitutes in Biasion's book is presumably factual, but its factuality is one of the sentimental by-products of war. My favorite in this group is the opening story, "Alcozino's Republic," about four soldiers on detached duty at the end of a promontory (where they find a girl in a cave) who get delusions of autonomy and individuality – doomed, of course.

The best of these three short books is *The Deserts of Libya*, another collection of individual pieces, though these are sometimes related. Mario Tobino

writes with an astringent compassion, a sort of dry-wine sullen glow, that gives the various deaths and tyrannies and farces a freshness: not of novelty but of perennial horror newly and truly realized. Tobino is a physician – a psychiatrist, in fact – and his stories are about the African campaign as seen by the Medical Corps. Two of them deal with a histrionic, incompetent commander named Oscar Pilli, and they treat him in a way that Gogol might have admired. "A Lieutenant" is a taciturn, touching little death-song. "Outside Tobruk" is not even a story, just a descriptive sketch of an encampment, but it is a beautiful, rueful landscape with moving figures. Throughout his book Tobino makes most painful a theme that is in all these authors: that these were soldiers without will or even false purpose, victims of an *opera buffa* government, except that the blood was real. In the power of the Fascist bombast and strut (which were Italian) were the "peasants dreaming of home" (also Italian), inventing little distortions of reality to make their lives bearable, like my *portiere*.

The short novel in this volume is *The Sergeant in the Snow* by Mario Rigoni Stern, which deals with the Russian war. This campaign by the Italian army is usually scanted in memory, if not in history, but 250,000 men were sent to Russia. Toward the end of 1942 they were forced to retreat about 300 miles in temperatures of 30 to 40 degrees below zero. The losses were 90,000 missing and dead, 45,000 frostbitten and wounded.

These bare statistics, supplied by Stern in a foreword, are, unfortunately, almost as effective as his novel. His fiction is intended to make the facts more intimate and vivid, but he adds so little in character or insight that we feel we are tracing an honest, adequately carpentered articulation of material already given us in potent capsule.

Meneghello's book, *The Outlaws*, written in 1963, suffers from a similar conflict between fact and fiction. (It is

(Continued on page 38)

* *The Lost Legions*. Three Italian War Novels by Renzo Biasion, Mario Tobino, and Mario Rigoni Stern. Translated by Archibald Colquhoun and Antonia Cowan (Knopf; \$7.95). *The Outlaws* by Luigi Meneghello. Translated by Raleigh Trevelyan. (Harcourt, Brace & World; \$5.75).

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Henry James' Return to America

by Irving Howe

In the summer of 1904 Henry James, by then past his sixtieth year and a writer of imposing reputation, made a pilgrimage back to his native land. He had spent most of his adult life in Europe and had become fixed in the style, though not the snobbism, of the expatriate. He had but recently completed the three great novels of his "late" period — *The Ambassadors*, *Wings of the Dove*, and *The Golden Bowl* — and had placed these works, all of them wrought to a high sophistication, in a European setting. Yet, as he kept insisting, he remained forever an American, a writer whose sensibility had been formed in the light of Emerson and the shadow of Lincoln.

James returned to America with an enormous and, as it seemed to his brother William, excessive degree of expectation. He was determined to "take it all in," not merely to linger over the places he had loved in his youth but also to confront whatever might now seem brutal and ugly.

To his amusement and mild pleasure, he came as a celebrity of sorts: interviewed by reporters, welcomed to lecture platforms, received by President Theodore Roosevelt. As he traveled through New England, then down the eastern seaboard to Florida, and finally cross-country to Chicago and California, what most stirred and troubled him was the evidence of how deeply the country had changed. He had grown up in an America in which the claims for regional distinctiveness, small town aloofness and pastoral space could still count for something; he came back to an America well into the age of industrial capitalism. With that taut passivity which always marked the early stages of his creative work, James allowed himself to be overwhelmed by his impressions; and then, once he had had enough of American hotels and American architecture, he decided to "return to Eng-

land . . . as a saturated sponge and wring myself out there." What then came pouring out was *The American Scene*, at once a sparkling account of his travels and a series of speculations about American character and destiny.

Simply as a travel record *The American Scene* is packed with marvelous bits and pieces: pictorial renderings in high gloss, lovely turns of affection, notations of social manners that capture in a sentence insights which duller hands would later thin out into volumes. It is regrettably incomplete: James never got around to putting down his impressions of the mid and far west, which might have enabled him to conclude and not merely stop his book. But in any final reckoning *The American Scene* is much more than a travel account. It is one of those recurrent attempts to get at "the essence" of the American experience, as if ultimately this country were the working-out of a Platonic idea. Crevcoeur and Cooper, Tocqueville and Bryce had written in this spirit earlier, and many others would try after James. In the past such inquiries had been composed partly by Americans speaking outward and partly by Europeans looking inward; but James could write from both perspectives at once, since he had brought together in his work the purity of 19th century American idealism and the sophistication of traditional European culture, transforming this somewhat eccentric

mixture into the materials for his vision of a complex and humane civilization. James was not, of course, the kind of writer who could engage in the sustained sociological speculations of a Tocqueville; only in a passage here and there does he provide explicit statement. His ideas weave through the book rather shyly, and often they do not show themselves in the visible dress of ideas at all.

The center of American society — its economic arrangements and structure, its offices and factories — James never tried to penetrate. Years earlier, in remarking to himself why he would have to forgo an ambition to be the American Balzac, he had acknowledged his ignorance of business life, an ignorance precluding any serious effort to encompass in a sequence of fiction the whole of American society. Now, touring the country, he saw everywhere the consequences of business domination — America as a "huge Rappaccinigen garden, rank with each variety of the poison-plant of the money passion"; the anxiety and rush of a people caught up in a "foredoomed grope of wealth." Yet he did not try to examine the sources of these apparitions and compulsions. Only later, in *The Ivory Tower*, that vivid fragment of a novel left by James at the time of his death, did he attack with equal directness the American cult of money. "Money is their life," says the dying millionaire, Mr. Betterman, about the members of his class. Most of the time, however, James was still too much an "older American," a somewhat fastidious patrician, to thrust himself imaginatively, as Dreiser would thrust himself, into the arena of manufacture and money. James was an impressionist painter of secondary social effects, and in that role, unsurpassed.

He kept shrewdly noting the absence of the privacy (even in the most lavish homes) in behalf of which money had presumably been accumulated. He returned again and again to the "so complete abolition of forms," those enabling devices of social intercourse

COMING

Black Power: 1831

William Styron's novel

The Confessions of Nat Turner

reviewed by C. Vann Woodward

by which, he felt, values were articulated. He observed the way Americans mostly resisted "any exception to the common," perhaps out of a feeling that sameness of appearance was proof of democratic conviction. He grew amusingly caustic about the "hotel spirit," wondering whether it "may not just be the American spirit most seeking and most finding itself." He speculated on "the effects of . . . the manifestations of wealth in New York . . . nowhere else does pecuniary power so beat its wings in the void, and so look around it for the charity of some hint as to the possible awkwardness or possible grace of its motion. . . ."

No matter how critical James might be of the society he found at home, he never lapsed into that tiresome baiting of fellow-countrymen which marks a good many literary explorations of America. If he drew back from the vulgarity, he approved the vigor of the new nation. If he felt distaste for the new rich, he had the good sense to appreciate the comfort in which ordinary people often lived. The two pages in which he described how "two industries, at the most, seemed to rule the American scene. The dentist and the shoe-dealer divided it between them" — these pages are as good a piece of impromptu sociology as we have ever had. He saw that the "far-shining den-

tal gold" expressed more than clumsiness or ostentation, and what he wrote about the American appetite for candy was not merely a piquant touch:

"The whole phenomenon of this omnipresent and essentially 'popular' appeal of the confectioner and pastry-cook . . . is more significant of the economic, and even of the social situation of the masses than many a circumstance honored with more attention."

James wrote about New York and New England — these are surely the best parts of the book — with a commanding thrust, a sly humor, a self-assured brio. He visibly enjoys the display of his rhetorical powers, as images, conceits and metaphors leap out of his pages like brilliant fish from the sea. He remarks playfully on "the law of the increasing invisibility of [New York] churches." He pictures the "great, gay" Saco river "singing . . . like some reckless adventurer, good-humoured for the hour and with his hands in his pockets. . . ." He sees how the New England "village street and the lonely farm and the hillside cabin . . . twitched with a grim effect the thinness of their mantle, shook out of its folds such crudity and levity as they might, and borrowed, for dignity,

a shade of the darkness of Cenci-drama, of monstrous legend, of old Greek tragedy." And he applies, this "restless analyst," a needle sharp and exact: "The condition attested [of the defeated South] is the condition — or, as may be, one of the later, fainter, weaker stages — of having worshipped false gods."

At the forefront of *The American Scene* there is of course James' encounter with the hordes of city strangers, those immigrants of a hundred grating tongues and assertive manner, all of whom — just because he was so distant, so very much an "early American" — he tried to meet with a minimum of preconception. (Only in regard to the Negro, but a few decades freed and in effect again enslaved, did James' imagination quite fail him.) The contrast between what he remembered and what he saw emerges most keenly if one keeps in mind that he knew, in the literal sense of *knowing*, almost nothing about the immigrants who flooded the streets of New York. In one respect, they were the strange and the threatening, all that meant an end to the homeland as he had known it; yet they were also a supreme testimony to the strength and value of the homeland; and like many another principled, if slightly bewildered, native American, James felt it a matter of chivalry to turn his eyes toward these people. His attitude toward them is, finally, a shifting mixture of curiosity, admiration, disdain, withdrawal, respect, animus. But above all else, he was a *writer*, which is to say, a man whose primary obligation is to encounter the actual regardless of what he might like it to be. The pages on Ellis Island — "Before this door, which opens to them there only with a hundred forms and ceremonies, grindings and grumblings of the key . . ." — have never been surpassed in American literature or journalism. Thinking about the immigrants, James confesses himself dispossessed: "that loud primary stage of alienism which New York most offers to sight — operates, for the native, as their note of settled possession . . . so that *unsettled* possession is what we, on our side, seem reduced to. . . ." He confesses himself stunned, bewildered by the sheer mesh of experience the Lower East Side pre-

Memory

Now as I stepped through fields green
As the pearl of the fly,
And the air hummed into dizzied circles
Myself wider than the sky;

As blue had itself balanced on a weed's end
In spite of the weight of it,
And all craying and circling clouds raced always
White against the infinite;

As time's circle was smother than boy's love
Of star-shed on his eyes,
And cataracts of moon-echo fell as boy's touch
Made golden sun pools rise;

An old man was born who thumbed time
Into his chin as he traced
Tighter and tighter a green fly's circle
After it had all mornings outraced.

NORMAN A. KURILIK

sents. But his eye remains alert: he notices, as a telling detail, the "complexity of fire-escapes with which each house-front bristles." And his heart, if occasionally sinking, remains open:

"Truly the Yiddish world was a vast world, with its own deeps and complexities, and what struck one above all was that it sat there . . . with a sublimity of good conscience that took away the breath, a protrusion of elbow never aggressive, but absolutely proof against jostling."

Yet as one lingers over these splendid pages, one finds them not quite enough, either in range or penetration, perhaps because James' brilliance is so sustained that it rouses us to unreasonable expectations. Finally he cannot move beyond the humaneness of uncertainty, the ambivalence of cultivation; there is not in these pages, and there cannot be, the wholeness of feeling James commands when he returns to the places of his youth, each of them now etched in memory as a landmark. The Hudson seems to

"stretch back, with fumbling friendly hand, to the earliest outlook of my consciousness. Many matters had come and gone, innumerable impressions had supervened; yet here, in the stir of the senses, a whole range of small forgotten things revived, things intensely Hudsonian, more than Hudsonian; small echoes and tones and sleeping lights, small sights and sounds and smells that made one, for an hour, as small—carried one up the rest of the river, the very river of life, indeed, as a thrilled, roundabout pilgrim, by primitive steamboat, to a mellow, mediaeval Albany."

The same note of piety, though struck more impersonally, can be heard when James ruminates at Concord on the place where Emerson must have walked and thought:

"... the rarity of Emerson's genius, which has made him so, for the attentive peoples, the first, and the one really rare, American spirit in letters, couldn't have spent his career in a charming woody, watery



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place, for so long socially and typically and, above all, interestingly homogeneous, without an effect as of the communication to it of something ineffaceable. . . . If one had reached a 'time of life' one had thereby at least heard him lecture; and not a russet leaf fell for me, while I was there, but fell with an Emersonian drop."

It has seemed to me that throughout the massing of his fiction James keeps alternating—and I suspect, with experimental deliberateness—between opposite ways of looking upon human affairs, and that these contraries of perspective were not merely chosen for their "dramatic value" but also were tied in with his own experience.

There is a strand of his fiction in which James submits himself to the imagination of innocence, an imagination firmly and even, at times, sternly

moral. At the climax of his career, it becomes an angelic imagination, trying to body forth a goodness almost beyond flesh. These are the novels in which James hovers protectively and lovingly over his heroes and, still more, his heroines, exposing them, as he must, to the treacheries of experience yet remaining eager to share in their ordeals and to be implicated in their fate. I think of novels like *Washington Square*, *Portrait of a Lady*, *What Maisie Knew* and *Wings of the Dove*, all of which yield, sometimes with irony but sometimes as pure rhapsody, celebrations of the presence and even power of goodness. These are the novels written by James in his "American" self, by which I do not mean that they are necessarily set in America or that James was so naïve as simply to equate this country with goodness, but rather that he found it a useful device, even a usable myth, to connect his moral positives with a lyrical evocation of the homeland.

There is another line of James' fiction at least as distinguished and perhaps more brilliant: *The Europeans*, *The Bostonians*, *The Awkward Age* and *The Ambassadors*. Here James writes as a "European," a man very much at home with the world as it is, in all its hardness, polish and cultivation. Not that he is indifferent to issues of morality: how could any serious novelist ever be? But he acknowledges the power of the given, the durability of institutions, the attractiveness of forms, and the reality of appetites which cannot readily be silenced by moral injunctions. He sees the social world not as a theatre of evil to be destroyed or transcended, but as the arena—the only one we have—in which men act out their lives.

Finally, in his last great novel, James brings together with an almost blinding complexity these opposing strands of his work; and that is one reason *The Golden Bowl* is so remarkable. For here the portraitist of European sophistication and the elegist of American innocence, the novelist of the social world and the romancer of unstained morality, enter into a collaboration. Together, the two Jameses create in Maggie Verver, the heroine of *The Golden Bowl*, an overwhelmed young woman who, in behalf of goodness

and self-preservation, must become overwhelming. Through "European" tactics, she achieves an "American" transcendence.

Now, what James achieved dramatically in *The Golden Bowl*, he touched upon and shyly, deeply buried away in *The American Scene*. Again and again, though with but the slightest stress, he keeps returning in *The American Scene* to the idea of a humane civilization, and for the attentive reader it becomes clear, I think, that this vision signifies nothing less than a union of the American virtues—moral purity, innocence of spirit, freshness of feeling—with the European attractions—nuances of conversation, eloquence of manners, absorbed traditions, and the visible substance of art. The question hovering about *The American Scene* is whether it will be possible, under the impact of social change, national expansion and economic power, for this country to become a true civilization, one that might preserve the beauty of spirit of Emersonian America while shaking off its provincialism and becoming a worthy heir of Europe.

So flatly stated, this notion cannot be found in *The American Scene*, but endlessly refined and played with, it is, I think, everywhere between the lines. That James could not suppose himself able to answer this question, that he may even have wondered whether to ask it betrays a naïve wish for the best of all possible worlds, need not surprise us. But what does seem clear in his book is a recognition that if we Americans do not make the best, we shall certainly end with the worst of all possible worlds.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Irving Howe's newest book is a biography of Thomas Hardy. His essay will appear in a somewhat longer form as an introduction to the Horizon Press edition of Henry James' *The American Scene*, to be published next month. Norman A. Kurilik, who makes his first New Republic appearance with this issue, is a young poet who teaches at Michigan Technological University. Ronald L. Goldfarb is the co-author of *Crime and Publicity*. Jonathan Kozol is author of *Death at an Early Age*.

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Being Left Alone

by Ronald L. Goldfarb

"It is certain every man has a right to keep his own sentiments, if he pleases. He has certainly a right to judge whether he will make them public. . . ." Warren and Brandeis, "The Right to Privacy," *Harvard Law Review* (1890).

In a frightening chapter entitled "New Tools for Invading Privacy," Professor

Privacy and Freedom
by Alan F. Westin
(Atheneum; \$10)

Alan F. Westin describes the array of physical, psychological, and data surveillance techniques which are now common. The modern private or governmental investigator can equip himself with shoelace antennas and tie-clasp transmitters, can feed suspects "tagging" pills, can penetrate rooms with special lights, miniature parabolic microphones, sonic wave devices and lasers, pick up a conversation across a lake, penetrate without opening mail, crack safes and locks undetected, and break most countermeasures (like floating impenetrable rooms) against such scientific wizardry. Wiretapping is rampant and, though much of it is illegal, the science has become so sophisticated that phones can be tapped with metallic paint connections. Businessmen, errant spouses, taxpayers, government agents, union officials, lawyers and just about everyone else are subject to intrusions of this kind.

Polygraphs and personality tests (discredited by experts) are used commonly to investigate public and private employees. Truth drugs such as scopolamine, sodium pentathol, and sodium amytal are available to "loosen up" reluctant subjects. Subliminal manipulation is so refined that our age has been referred to as one in which not just houses but minds can be broken and entered. In a world of more and more records, plus sophisticated data collection and processing machines, no one can really escape dossiers which, with the press of a button, may publicly provide a total X-ray of one's social

history. The Orwellian age is upon us and, for better or for worse, man has developed techniques which, while they may make life faster and surer, could render important and traditional American notions about privacy, candor, and communion obsolete.

Business, credit agencies, and the government are all adding to their arsenals of surveillance and building data banks, but little thought is being given to the ethical problems about collecting and sharing this kind of information.

Our ingrained, individualistic insistence upon personal, group and institutional self-determination regarding the extent to which personal information is communicated to others, our demand for what one judge has called "the right to be left alone," is endangered by a plethora of gadgets, machines, tests, drugs and data banks whose efficiency and ingenuity make the mind boggle. As Harry Kalven has predicted, ". . . by 2000, man's technical inventiveness may, in terms of privacy, have turned the whole community into the equivalent of an army barracks. . . . It may be a final ironic commentary on how bad things have become by 2000 when someone will make a fortune merely providing . . . a room of one's own."

Privacy and Freedom is the product of a four-year study by a special committee of the New York City Bar Association, funded by the Carnegie Corporation. The author, Alan F. Westin, of Columbia University, is a law-oriented, social historian of prodigious energy, unique research intuition, and a readable writing style. His research for this book was voracious and one of the bounties of his effort is a 55-page bibliography of diverse material dealing with privacy. The research work of bar associations is often lackluster and sluggish; but the Westin study is a hallmark contribution to the public enlightenment.

In some respects we have developed a new toleration to intrusions into our private affairs. The National Institutes of Health recently made a grant to

investigators who were going to record conversations of newlyweds in their apartments to study personal interactions during the early stages of married life. Scientists in one midwest university recently reported findings from a study which measured physiological reactions of volunteers who were scientifically observed during the act of sexual intercourse. Dr. George Gallup reports that self-disclosure to pollsters and surveyors is a world-wide phenomenon. People are giving away too much and acceptance of the census taker and the gossip-monger may be lowering our general toleration of the intruder.

The essence of this conflict lies in the paradoxes of progress. If truth is an overriding goal of American government and business, then resort to these new techniques for gathering information is a great step forward. Most of these new measures resulted from research aimed at solving important problems. The new technology evolved from socially useful origins. But the nature and the potentials of these techniques raise very serious questions about the preservation of individual dignity, the limits on the use of power by government, the interference upon the private domain of individual belief, personal autonomy and reserve, and the danger implicit in the attainment of psychological power over people.

The law, for example, can no longer ensure the sanctity of conversation by protecting only against physical intrusions as it has in the past. New techniques are so refined that invasions of privacy can take place without actual physical invasions. Therefore, in protecting the inviolateness of personality, the courts are going to have to face up to new and deeper issues about privacy. The Supreme Court has recently recognized the need for some constitutional protection of solitude, intimacy, anonymity and reserve. But we are still without a clear judicial or legislative enunciation of the source and the extent of present protections of the right of privacy.

One part of this book includes five analyses of prototypical American reactions to privacy issues arising out of several new technical practices. In a brisk and absorbing case-study pre-

sentation, Westin describes the reactions of public opinion, power groups, and classic liberal and conservative organizations to these developments. He discusses the roles of the courts, legislatures, crime commissions, law enforcement associations, academics, unions and politicians in the decision-making processes concerning issues of privacy.

Westin does note some ferment in American law and opinion in recent years for developing means to protect society from this overexposure. He concludes with some ideas of his own for a balanced compromise between society's legitimate needs for information and the peoples' proper demands for privacy:

"The right to speak, to publish, to worship, and to associate cannot survive in the modern age of scientific penetration of house, auto, office, and meeting room unless the courts and public mores install a curtain of law and practice to replace the walls and doors that have been swept

away by the new instruments of surveillance."

If Marshall McLuhan is correct that the medium is the message and that the technology of communication can overcome in importance the messages themselves, the time has come to measure the evils implicit in the media of exposure and balance them against the values a freedom-conscious society places in the sanctity of communion and privacy. This book provides a thesaurus of information and ideas. In Westin's words:

"The setting – the marvels of miniaturization and circuitry, chemical synthesis and projective psychiatry – is new. But the choices are as old as man's history on the planet. Will the tools be used for man's liberation or his subjugation? In the density, complexity, and tight interrelation of 20th-century life, can we preserve the opportunities for privacy without which our whole system of civil liberties may become formalistic ritual?"

Pulitzer's Progress

by Gerald W. Johnson

Allan Nevins once remarked that a newspaper tycoon is about as difficult a subject as a biographer can undertake. It is logical, for whatever of lasting importance the man did is already in print, so the biographer can present nothing new except trivia.

It is a consideration that should enhance the reader's appreciation of the craftsmanship in Swanberg's life of

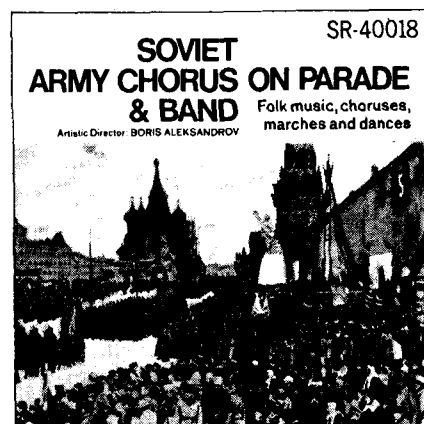
Pulitzer
by W. A. Swanberg
(Scribner's; \$8.95)

Joseph Pulitzer, for into a factual account of the man's career he has woven a fascinating excursion into psychopathology and many illuminating passages on political, sociological and economic conditions existing in the period 1870-1911. The defect that prevents it from being the best biography ever written of an American newspaperman is its extravagant estimate of the historical importance of the subject.

An author should not be held to too strict an account for his publisher's blurb, but the statement on the dust jacket that this is "the life of the greatest figure in American journalism" is approved by Swanberg himself when he speaks of "the four thundering decades during which his achievement dwarfed those of any other American journalist."

Well, really now! Joseph Pulitzer was certainly an astonishing genius, but that he was intellectually, morally, or historically in the same class with Benjamin Franklin is assuredly open to doubt. He assayed to play Warwick, the Kingmaker, but less successfully than the forgotten Thomas Ritchie did, or the original Blair. He had more sense than Greeley, but never attained his national influence and nobody suggests that he had the brilliance of his bitter enemy, Dana. He made a great deal of money, but not as much as his rival, Hearst, not to mention the huge fortunes acquired by the magazine ty-

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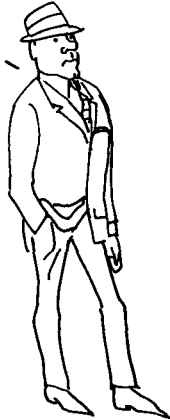
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I GOT INTO
AN ARGUMENT
WITH A CLIENT
WHO COM-
PLAINED ABOUT
MY AGGRESSIVE-
NESS-



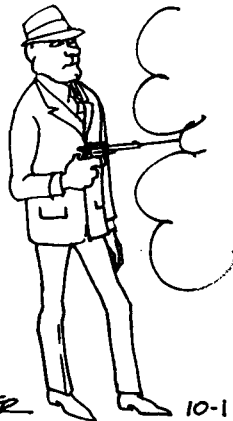
SO I
KILLED -
HIM.



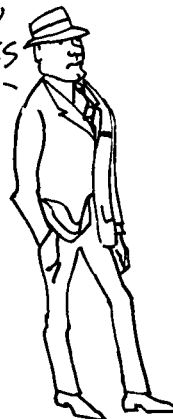
I TOLD MY
WIFE AND
SHE TOOK -
THE CLIENT'S
SIDE-



SO I
KILLED -
HER.



I TOLD MY
COLLEAGUES
AND THEY -
SAID I
WAS OVER-
REACTING-



SO I
KILLED -
THEM.

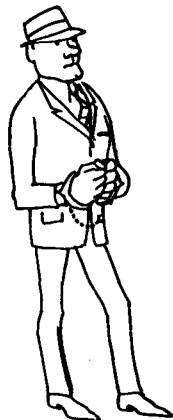


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10-1

I TOLD
THE JURY -
I ONLY
KILLED
PEOPLE
WHO WERE
OUT TO
GET ME.



THEY
FOUND
ME NOT
GUILTY.



MAKES A
MAN FEEL
GOOD TO
LIVE IN
A SOCIETY
WITH
SHARED
VALUES.



coons, such as Curtis, Luce and Wallace.

But the conclusive evidence that he rates no better than second place, even in his own generation, is furnished by his relative failure to achieve his avowed first aim. The words were penned by his editorial writer, Cobb, during the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt, but they certainly express Pulitzer's heart's desire, which was also the desire of one of his contemporaries:

"Mr. Roosevelt is an episode. *The World* is an institution. Long after Mr. Roosevelt is dead, long after Mr. Pulitzer is dead, long after all the present editors are dead, *The World* will still go on as a great, independent newspaper, unmuzzled, undaunted and unterrorized."

The World, as a matter of fact, lasted just 19 years and four months after Pulitzer's death. As it happened, another newspaper was being built at the same time in the same city, by a man with the same ambition to create an institution that should be viable beyond any ordinary lifetime. Adolph Ochs has now been dead nearly 33 years, but *The Times* has not only survived; it is more powerful today than it was at the time of his death. As the builder of a durable institution, Ochs' primacy may not yet be established over Bennett, but it is definitely beyond Pulitzer.

The strange thing is that Mr. Swanberg doesn't see this, although he explains it lucidly and plausibly. Presumably the reason is that he is so enthralled by the gallantry of a man fighting grievous handicaps, physical and psychic, that he is unable to admit that the fight itself destroyed the man's own work. He understands that Pulitzer was his own worst enemy. He flatly calls him psychotic, a manic-depressive and almost a textbook case. But he is persuaded that Pulitzer's afflictions, neurasthenia, blindness and diabetes, were what prevented him from towering above all his competitors. It never occurs to him that the afflictions may have been what made him a newspaperman at all.

Yet it may be plausibly argued that he was fifty years old and had made

millions out of *The World* before he took journalism seriously. He could and did make money out of anything — the law, real estate, the stock market — but in journalism he saw, as did his rival, Hearst, not money only, but also an avenue to political office, which he assumed to be the seat of power. Hearst, being blessed — or was it cursed? — with robust health, never escaped the delusion and throughout his life used his newspapers to support his political ambition.

Pulitzer went so far as to get himself elected to Congress, but a few months in Washington sufficed to show him that his physical and psychic disabilities unfitted him for that kind of life and he resigned. Then, but apparently not until then, did he seem to apprehend the fact that the editorial chair itself may be made into a seat of power, but once he grasped the idea he proceeded to develop it with great intelligence and demoniac energy.

Mr. Swanberg inclines to think that it was his plunge into pestilential journalism that first sickened and then

sobered him. This was in 1898 when he and Hearst between them fed the flames of ignorance, prejudice and stupidity that swept this country into an unnecessary, unwise, and unholy war with Spain, a war that afflicted us with moral and political ulcers that seventy years later are still unhealed. That experience undoubtedly was a factor influencing his decision, but it is easy to believe that if he had remained hale and hearty he would have continued to aspire to become Secretary of State or Speaker of the House — his foreign birth made him ineligible for the Presidency — as the way to assuage his lust for power.

Be that as it may, he did concentrate all his energies on his newspaper and what made him a great, although not the greatest figure in American journalism was his perception that the road to power for a newspaper is through a realistic sense of justice backed by the courage to champion it against its opponents, however great and powerful. He made *The World*, rough, hateful, and right — always rough, sometimes

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hateful, and usually right – and thereby it attained a power that gave it a more clearly perceptible influence on the course of American history than that of any contemporary politician, not excluding Theodore Roosevelt. Indeed, it was Roosevelt's adoption of a dozen ideas long advocated by Pulitzer's paper that made him memorable.

Inevitably they came into collision, and to say that Pulitzer won is inexact. What happened was that Roosevelt defeated himself. He allowed his temper to betray him into an attempt to introduce into American law a principle abhorrent to Americanism, the principle that the President is the Lord's Anointed and therefore sacrosanct. Roosevelt tried to establish the rule that to call the President a liar, even when he is most blatantly lying, subjects the ordinary citizen to legal pains and penalties.

Frank Cobb, Pulitzer's chief editorial writer, did it. Investigating the evil-smelling Panama Canal financial transactions he came across several instances in which the President had made statements that he must have known were not true and *The World* published an editorial calling attention to them. When the Federal District Attorney for New York, knowing that he had no case, refused to institute an ordinary libel suit, Roosevelt had Pulitzer indicted under the old Logan law of 1799, passed to prevent private interference with diplomatic negotiations. It took two years, enormous legal costs, and infinite worry and harassment to get the case to the Supreme Court, that promptly threw it out. Hence arose the saying that Pulitzer broke every man who worked for him except Frank Cobb, who broke Pulitzer. He did, in fact, die shortly after the decision. Nevertheless, freedom of the press owes him a great debt.

The real fascination of this book is, however, neither professional nor historical, but philosophical, the story of a man endowed with immense talent but afflicted with defects that defeated his own endeavors. Pulitzer had three sons whom he adjured, in an emotionally moving passage in his will, to carry on his work – and in the same will made it certain that they could not. His second son, a man who later proved his ability, the father banished

to St. Louis, bequeathing him a one-tenth interest in *The World*. The eldest, a man of talent that under careful nurture might have flowered into genius, had it beaten out of him by treatment fiendishly designed to destroy any young man's self-confidence and initiative. He was left a one-fifth interest in *The World* but explicitly deprived of any authority in its conduct. The one son who was utterly incompetent was left 60 percent of the paper. He refused to assume any responsibility for it and the paper, left headless, went to ruin.

Joseph Pulitzer set foot in the office of his newspaper only three times in twenty-four years, but controlled it in minute detail by telephone, telegraphs and cable. Like a man driven by the furies, he wandered over the earth in a yacht accompanied by six secretaries, but not by his wife, whom he really loved, but could not resist abusing

whenever she was present. Inevitably he was nicknamed the Wandering Jew; although his mother was German, he was raised as a Catholic, and died as a nominal Episcopalian. It is imprecise to say that he loved money. He required it, and made a great many millions. What he loved was power, for which he would spend money lavishly, and he acquired tremendous power. Swanberg thinks that his dominant need was for affection and, strange to say, that, too, he acquired to an amazing extent; but it was his damnation never to be able to return it, and thereby to retain it. This makes the account of his personal life a searing story of tremendous accomplishment attended by inner defeat, frustration, misery and despair.

One possible irony remains. It would be for this biography to be awarded the Pulitzer Prize which, technically, it well deserves.

How To Keep Your Mouth Shut

by Jonathan Kozol

A little over two years ago, a principal walked up to me in the classroom of a public school in Boston, looked hard at my lapel on which was affixed a small CORE "equal button," smiled at me nicely, and after admitting it was handsome, ordered me to take it off: "It's a nice pin but don't wear it here, you never know when it could be misunderstood." I submitted a report to

The Political Life of American Teachers
by Harmon Zeigler
(Prentice-Hall; \$4.95)

her a few weeks later in which I asked how a pin that had been an insignia of freedom all over America could be unacceptable in a Boston public school.

My question was absurd. Public schools, especially within the beleaguered ghettos, have developed a well-marked policy in regard to almost any controversial issue: Avoid it. Insofar as you are obliged to talk about controversy, let it be viewed exclusively from the official government position. Abe Lincoln's portrait may look down upon a classroom as grimy as any-

thing Dickens or Upton Sinclair could describe. The teacher's job, however, is to make sure that the pledge gets recited and the words of the Star Spangled Banner get remembered. No equal buttons.

It does not take a sociologist, and it shouldn't take a lengthy study, to persuade us of the chauvinistic bent of public education. We have only to look around us at the people we have educated. What the present study adds, however, is a detailed breakdown of the ways in which teachers are induced, or induce themselves, to keep away from controversy.

Teachers, as Zeigler demonstrates, find it natural – and consider it almost expected – that they should present the official line to their pupils as fact and not opinion. This, he feels, is not difficult for teachers, because "for high school teachers the distinction between facts and values is very obscure. Given the opportunity to judge a variety of statements . . . teachers were unable to decide whether a statement was a fact or a value. A substantial proportion of the teachers declared the

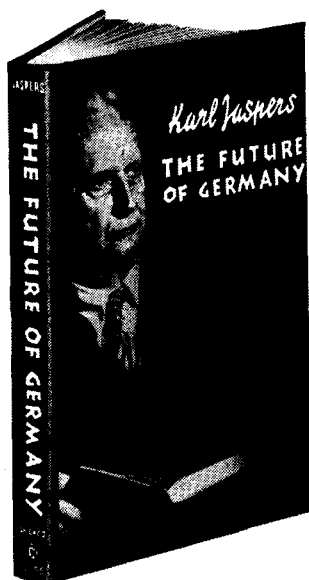
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following statement to be a fact: 'The American form of government may not be perfect, but it is the best type of government yet devised by man. . . .' Even though the statement includes the word *best*, 42 percent of the teachers called the statement factual."

Zeigler's study was based upon interviews with 803 urban and rural high school teachers living in Oregon during the winter of 1965 and was checked against a national sample taken at the same time by a project team of the University of Michigan. Teachers, he found, did not tend to see anything wrong with speaking up in class in favor of such an established institution as the United Nations, and 58 percent also felt that it was probably okay to allow an avowed atheist to speak in class. A majority of teachers, however, believed that it would be wrong to speak in favor of socialism, in favor of Medicare, against the John Birch Society, or against the censorship of pornographic literature, and only 27 percent felt that it would be proper in a presidential election to explain to the class one's reasons for preferring one candidate above another.

There was also a striking distinction between what teachers considered to be proper and improper out-of-class behavior: 82 percent felt it would be proper, if you wanted, to join an organization like CORE or the NAACP, but only 43 percent felt it would be proper to join in a demonstration in support of anything that CORE or the NAACP believed.

Zeigler makes it clear that, while teachers tend to attribute the source of

their fear to censure from the outside community ("parents" and "cranks" get top ratings); in the final event – and no matter what the teachers say – it is not community pressure but the schools themselves and the teachers themselves that act as the most inhibiting cause. By talking about the risk of parent censure, by building up an unholy fear of unknown and unnamed but always colossally dangerous community disapproval, many teachers are able to justify their own unwillingness to question openly or – in those cases where they are willing to do some careful thinking of their own – their reluctance to express their doubts or act upon them.

Teachers, on the whole, run scared, of parents, administrators, the kids before them, or of the unknown areas in themselves. It is as if a profession, well-trained and long accustomed to the calm of non-conviction, should wake up one morning with the terrible feeling of *believing* something and hasten to the schoolhouse in order to recite the daily lesson with the children and banish whatever uncertainty it was that seemed about to surface.

Even a teacher who does have some strong convictions, and not those given him in a manual of good citizenship, is likely to feel that he must put them aside the minute that he comes close to the doorway of the school. I recall one thoughtful teacher who used to drive up to school in his car at eight o'clock, then sit outside and read the morning paper for a while. If you asked him what was going on in the city, he would tell you and, whatever it was, he was likely to have a good strong opinion on the subject. A few minutes later, if you were there, you would have seen him folding over that paper and setting it meticulously in the back seat of his car as he got out and took up his schoolbooks and papers, and cautiously inserted his key and locked the door.

There was, for me, always something memorable about the folding of that paper: it was the folding-up of his mind. Within school, if you were to ask him about anything, his answers would be so tight and careful, uninteresting, drained of emotion.

The point is not that a teacher has the right to proselytize in the classroom

(although, indeed, as Dr. Zeigler's study makes quite clear, teachers are doing this at present on behalf of patriotic and officially ratified ideas), but that he does have the obligation to convey to his students that there is some precedent for independent thinking and for individual commitment – and the most winning precedent of all, of course, would be his own example. Why teachers don't do this, why they won't, why they are so frightened, has much to do not only with the type of person who has traditionally tended to go into public education but also with the rigid ideas about "professionalism" which are encouraged by so many schools of education. The word too often has carried with it images of a de-sexed and de-opinionated automaton. A teacher who is afraid of being caught sneezing is not going to let himself get caught thinking either – certainly not thinking *noisily*, and least of all *seriously*.

It would be inaccurate to deny that community opinion has often been oppressive, and sometimes communities in America have been quite ruthless in instituting witch-hunts against teachers. But this has not by any means been a recent pattern, and it has never been either so universal or so inexorable as many teachers find it useful to believe. We never really know how fair, brave or open a community or nation might be until we have the nerve to invite its children to challenge some expectations and traditions.

Correspondence

Going to the "Baths"

Sirs:

In your issue of July 15 there was an excellent letter by Professor Walter Neff taking Dr. Bruno Bettelheim to task for his strictures upon those Jews of ghetto psychology who went to their deaths "like sheep" in World War II. . . . The evidence I briefly will present here will be about Auschwitz, not Treblinka. . . .

1) Although the majority of those who entered Auschwitz were Jews, at least several hundred thousand were

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not. They were non-Jewish political prisoners from Poland, France, Greece, Holland, Yugoslavia and other countries occupied by the Nazis. Indeed, some ten thousand Russian prisoners of war (scarcely afflicted by a Jewish ghetto mentality) were confined in Auschwitz and all but a few died there.

2) Once prisoners entered Birkenau (that section of the Auschwitz complex where most of the mass murders were carried out) he or she at once learned of the existence of the gas chambers. From the moment of entrance, however, the prisoners were absolutely unable to organize effective revolt. (I am excluding individual attacks upon the SS guards which did occur.) Unarmed, confined within electrified barbed wire fences, constantly under the machine guns of guards in watch towers, quickly weakened by deliberate malnutrition, harsh overwork, psychological shock and physical abuse, they were rapidly reduced to a mass of disorientated individuals who could not possibly organize an attack upon their captors. And when finally, within two weeks or two months, they became too weak to work, or too ill from typhus, dysentery or a hundred other ailments, their turn came to go to the gas chambers, they went! In their apathetic states they allowed themselves to be herded by gun butts onto the trucks even though they knew where they were going – and whether or not they were French communists, Polish priests, Russian commissars, Greek socialists, militant Jewish Zionists, or Jews with a ghetto psychology.

3) However, a majority of the millions who died in Birkenau never entered the camp as prisoners. They arrived and were dead within an hour or half a day. They were brought to Birkenau in sealed boxcars and it was their universal assumption that they were being sent someplace where they would go to work in a cement or brick factory or whatnot. I know from many personal interviews with former prisoners, both Jewish and non-Jewish, and from many written accounts, that deportees *always* were told this by the Nazis when they were being transported from their respective countries. Indeed, is it not obvious that it necessarily would have been Nazi policy to allay fear and induce acquiescence by

cultivating this illusion? To this end one only has to view the collection of musical instruments that arrived at Birkenau and is now on exhibit there. It was not for nothing that the Nazis allowed room in those jammed boxcars for bass-viols, cellos, violin cases, etc. Nor were prisoners told to bring warm clothing and allowed to carry suitcases into those cars except to maintain the illusion that they were being relocated. (And, also, of course, to provide the immense amount of loot that was sent back to Germany.)

These several million people, then, descended from their boxcars to find themselves between two long lines of electrified barbed wire. Exhausted from their several days and nights in their cramped, fetid, horrible cars, they found themselves under the machine guns of their captors, with dogs trained to maniacal ferocity eager to rend anyone who stepped out of line. They were immediately divided into two groups – the smaller to enter Birkenau as working prisoners – the larger to be sent to the “baths” for immediate murder. And to the “baths” they went where, in anterooms, hooks were provided for their clothes, where they were given pieces of soap, and were then sent into large, tiled rooms that looked as though they had shower heads in their ceilings. And then the iron doors suddenly were slammed shut and pellets of cyanide were dropped in upon them through vents.

Did it make any difference that they were ghetto Jews or Yugoslav communists or French resistance fighters? Let us even suppose that one of the prisoners (Kapos) who helped them from the boxcars and told them in Yiddish or French or Hungarian that they were going to the “baths,” had instead told them the truth – that they were to be dead within fifteen minutes or two hours. What could those people have done whether ghetto Jews or militant politicals? Bare-handed, could they have overcome the strategically placed machine gunners? Could they have clawed a police dog to death?

This is the truth that Dr. Bettelheim has omitted. It is as true of Treblinka and other murder camps as of Auschwitz. Why has he omitted it?

Albert Maltz
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Ridgeway Caper

Sirs:

Mr. James Mackey, the researcher whom we recently discharged, undertook the investigation of James Ridgeway's personal life (“ITT's Press Relations,” September 16) entirely on his own and without authorization from *Army Times* or anyone connected with *Army Times*. It is my opinion that he wasn't authorized by ITT, nor anyone else, to make such an investigation, but Mr. Mackey so far refuses to discuss this matter with us. Our company has never done any investigating of any individual for anyone: not for advertisers, not for editors, not for anybody. . . . Mr. Mackey's research was completely without authorization from the company. We continue to try to contact Mr. Mackey and to get an explanation for his incredible behavior. Meanwhile, I want you to understand that *Army Times* was completely innocent of any part in this caper and was totally unaware of Mr. Mackey's involvement.

William F. Donnelly
Vice President
Army Times Publishing Co.

Family Allowances

Sirs:

T.R.B., in his September 16 column, may be right in suggesting that the US is laggard in not having a family allowance scheme like many other advanced countries. However, I doubt that he is right in suggesting that the family allowance schemes in existence elsewhere are by themselves significant promoters of social stability.

In New Zealand, one of the examples T.R.B. cited, the family allowance was one of the least significant features of the Social Security Act of 1938. Free medical and maternity care for all plus free drugs were more significant features of that Act. The provision of an Unemployment Benefit which today stands at \$30 per week (the basic wage is approximately \$48) to be paid until such time as suitable work can be found by the Labor Department, gave a more substantial basis to the welfare state than the \$2.15 per week per child

which today is New Zealand's universal child allowance. Free schooling with state-provided textbooks, virtually free university tuition, state-built homes for those earning less than \$3,000 per annum, and 3 percent government housing loans which enable a very high proportion of the population to own their own homes, would certainly outstrip the family allowance in their social importance. But overshadowing all of these as the cohesive and stabilizing influence in New Zealand society has been the policy of full employment and the self-respect which it guarantees. Until recently this has ensured that fewer than 1600 people (less than 0.5 percent) at any stage since World War II have been without jobs. Without this policy all the features of the 1938 Act would undoubtedly have proved inadequate. Unless T.R.B. hopes for a family allowance sufficiently generous to take the place of a guaranteed income, it seems to me that the New Zealand family allowance scheme at any rate provides a poor guideline for the needs of ghetto America. And if a guaranteed state income is what he does have in mind, he might as well call a spade a spade.

*Michael Bassett
University of Auckland
New Zealand*

Radiation and Medicine

Sirs:

I will be much interested in the findings of the Senate hearings mentioned by Ralph Nader in his article of September 2 on the matter of radiation hazards from medical and dental X-ray installations. During the past six years, I have surveyed many such installations in Minnesota and Wisconsin and a few in the Dakotas and Montana, and have seen a decreasing number of defects in radiation protection. This is due in part to replacement of older machines, to corrective changes resulting from previous visits, to new hospital construction in compliance with requirements of the Hill-Burton Act, and to greater awareness of the problem. I believe, however, that the major factor has been the initiation of state inspection programs in most of the states in this area. The training and em-

ployment of competent inspectors should be expanded until all installations can be checked at intervals of three years or less.

Diagnostic X-ray machines are found in hospitals, in group-practice clinics, in radiologists' offices, in dentists' offices, in the offices of specialists, e.g. orthopedic surgeons, and in offices of general practitioners. Each of these situations presents its own problems. Hospitals, larger clinics and radiologists' offices are most likely to employ registered X-ray technicians and to conform to current standards of radiation protection. . . .

Radiation therapy is no longer a major source of unnecessary exposure. Fewer patients are being treated for benign conditions, while radiotherapy of cancer is becoming more sophisticated. More patients are being sent to large centers which have Cobalt-60 or other high energy equipment, most of which is subject to stringent safety standards established by the US Atomic Energy Commission.

Mr. Nader may be interested in the fate of a radiologist who was reputed to have the heaviest lead apron in Wisconsin. He died in an automobile accident.

*Baruch S. Jacobson, Ph.D.
Radiation Biology Laboratory
University of Minnesota Hospital*

. . . No responsible spokesman for radiology or medicine would argue that all X-ray services are performed in an optimum fashion. The nation's 7,000 radiologists are inadequate in number to perform the growing number of procedures needed for the health care of Americans. They have been aware of the necessity for equipping other physicians for limited uses of X-ray procedures. They have supported scientific and governmental efforts to educate the users of X-rays in medicine to the hazard of poor or careless technique. They are aware that the battle is not won. But it also is not so nearly lost as Mr. Nader would imply.

It should be noted that none of the other witnesses before Senator Bartlett's Senate Commerce Subcommittee supported the position of Dr. Karl Z. Morgan, Mr. Nader's principal source. One distinguished witness, Dr. Lauriston S. Taylor, the president of the Na-

tional Council on Radiation Protection and Measurement, denied that Dr. Morgan had any basis for some of his estimates, other than "pure speculation, without clinical facts to support them." Dr. Taylor emphasized in his own testimony that the voluntary standards for X-ray exposure set by the NCRPM and adhered to by most X-ray manufacturers and users had been effective in achieving a generally acceptable level of safety, while providing the undisputed values of X-ray diagnosis to millions. . . .

Mr. Nader's point is well-taken that public agencies have been slow to involve themselves in radiation safety programs. He is correct in observing that few states have qualified people to undertake rigorous programs. However, to equate a lack of government inspection with faulty equipment or poor practice is unjustified. For example, the recent national X-ray survey by the Public Health Service National Center for Radiological Health concluded that Americans generally were getting a good value from diagnostic X-ray services. It pointed out that the only sig-

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nificant departure from good practice was in the failure to limit the field of the X-ray beam to the area covered by the recording film. Correction of this error, the PHS statisticians ventured, would cut the genetic dose from X-rays to about a third (from 55 to 19 millirems yearly as an average population gonad dose).

Another point from the PHS survey was that radiologists supervise some 60 percent of all US X-ray procedures. Setting aside the mobile chest surveys, the medical figure rises to 72 percent. And these are generally conceded by Dr. Morgan to be done by trained people, working with modern equipment, usually inspected periodically by physicists retained by the radiologist. Most of these installations have not been inspected by government agencies. . . . Any expansion of federal or state roles in radiation safety will depend not upon the mere passage of legislation, but the undertaking of the same professionals to carry out its intent and to train the radiation workers

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needed to insure that casual users of radiation are not misusers.

Otha W. Linton

The American College of Radiology
Chicago, Illinois

Condition Green

Sirs:

I'm left a little puzzled by the closing lines of "National Guardsmen" (September 9), and the comment that "enlisting local people as policemen without guns to help quell violence would surely be preferable to such an occupying foreign force." . . . When entire city blocks are being plundered and then put to the torch, something considerably more forceful than local people without guns is going to be needed to restore a semblance of law and order, repugnant as this display of counterforce may be to essentially peaceable individuals.

If your main issue was with the "green" condition of some Guard troops, then you are approaching firmer ground. Again, though, local people without guns hardly seems a useful alternative to suggest for quelling a Detroit-type riot. If more experienced personnel are the key requirement, why not suggest that the Guard be side-tracked during civil pillaging and that only federal troops be requested?

It would have also been helpful to have had the article include how many - if any - snipers had been firing from the apartment building in which the four-year-old child was said to have been killed by Guard firing.

Edward M. Parr

San Fernando, Calif.

Kauffmann, from page 24

smoothly translated by Raleigh Trevelyan, though without the elegance of Colquhoun.) It was published in Italy as a novel but, in this version revised by the author, is not so called here. The residual gap between fact and fiction is wider than the author's change of labels can take care of; the result is a sometimes interesting narrative that tries unsuccessfully for the increments of fiction.

Meneghello tells the story, presum-

ably autobiographical, of a student discharged from the army when Mussolini falls, who then joins the Resistance in the north and who sees partisan activity in all its quiet grimness. When the author sticks to his account, it grips the way that histories of these exploits always do. When he attempts to give it a profound "European" artistic-philosophic texture, he often gets hollow:

"Not that there's anybody in heaven to listen to a mass, but it's like talking aloud when one is alone, it helps."

"She asked me what you do for a profession, with a philosophy degree, and I said that you could teach, but usually those who knew philosophy did not teach it, while those who taught it did not know it."

Luckily, this watery café-sagacity is occasionally varied with some valid percepts. The narrator has not joined the Resistance out of heroism, he has almost drifted into it, and it is only subsequently that he understands his action:

"Now I see quite well that what we wanted above all was to punish ourselves. The ascetic, rough part of our experience meant this. Confusedly it seemed to us that somebody must at least suffer for what had happened in Italy; in certain moments it seemed a personal exercise in mortification, in others a civic duty. It was as though we had to carry the weight of Italy and its troubles; and this was appropriate because it often happened that we were literally carrying things. I have never carried so much in my entire life: flour, explosives, enormous cooking pots, cases of incendiary bombs, ammunition. The loads were grotesque."

Passages like this, the most Italian ones, are the best in the book. And again, in such passages, there is a reminder of Jewish flavor. This last quotation, give or take a few nouns, might have come from Bernard Malamud.

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